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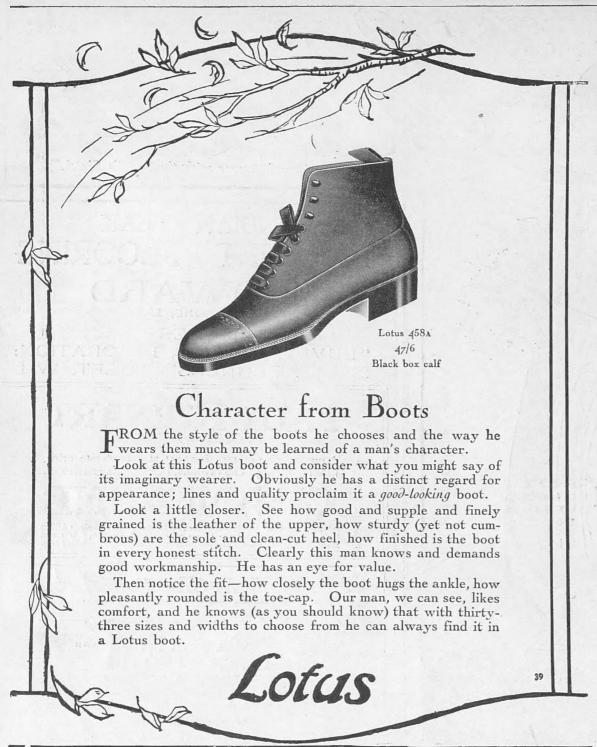
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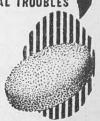
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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



BY SACHA GUITRY, HER HUSBAND: YVONNE PRINTEMPS, THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH ACTRESS.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot,")

The Cambridge Rag.

I am sorry to read that the Vice-Principal of Newnham is angry with the undergraduates who laid siege to the college on the night following the defeat of the women's cause. It proves that the Vice - Principal of Newnham, learned though she undoubtedly must be in many difficult and abstruse subjects, has not mastered the art of looking at things from the point of view of the other party.

She argues, "People say it is only a joke; but can an attack on defenceless women be properly described as a joke? We were beaten in the poll. It does not seem a particularly generous

thing to commit irreparable damage to the building afterwards."

Put like that, of course, the behaviour of the undergrads. will appear dastardly in the eyes of those who do not understand the undergraduate mind or temperament. I have known all sorts of undergraduates, some fine fellows, others not quite so fine, but never have I met one yet who would "attack defenceless women."

Besides, even if certain horrible young gentlemen could be found willing to indulge in such a curious pastime, where would they turn in their search for defenceless women? Not, certainly, to Newnham, where one shrill scream would bring hundreds of police, dons, proctors, bulldogs, and chivalrous undergrads. to the rescue! And imagine any collection of young women, stalwart of limb and brilliant of intellect, allowing themselves to be described in these days of emancipa-tion as "defenceless"!

And what was " Irreparable this "irrepar-Damage." able damage"? In their desire to sympathise or exchange views with the charming students, the undergrads. charged at the gates with a laden handcart. To an undergraduate a gate is a gate, and a locked gate is an obnoxious thing to be climbed over or smashed in according to circumstances. Undergraduates are very strong, especially after "hall." They must vent They must vent

their strength on something. A gate, bolted and barred, behind which can be viewed dozens and dozens of laughing, tempting eyes, is the very thing for the post-prandial muscles.

This particular gate, as it happens, was a memorial gate erected in 1892. A comparatively new gate as gates go in university towns. A good, strong, sound gate; erected within living memory. I feel sure it can be perfectly restored, and I also feel sure that the gentlemen who pushed the handcart into the gate will pay for the damage. That is always understood—at any rate, it always used to be understood at the sister university. And undergraduate character does not change very much.

The Right and Wrong Rag.

Mind you, I am not an advocate of ragging in general. There is ragging which is snobbish, and degrading—mere bullying. The proper answer to that sort of ragging is a very firm punch on the nose of the leader of the rag, who is usually a lumpish, poltroonish kind of creature. The first law of any rag of that kind is that no ragger shall by any possibility get hurt. If any ragger does happen to get hurt, all the fun at once goes out of the rag.

But the rag that really injures nobody, that arises from sheer high spirits—such as, I take it, the rag at Newnham—must not be regarded through non-humorous spectacles. I can remember some

magnificent rags at Oxford, where nobody was a penny the worse for the rag except the fellows who stumped up for any damage done. And I can remember a rag brought about by nothing more or less than the importation of London police.

The London police could not understand that two or three thousand gentlemen, surging this way and that in compact masses, knew perfectly well what they were about and meant no harm. The police became very excited. Those who had horses rode on the pavements—a most unmannerly proceeding, we thought. The cruellest cut of all was taken well on the head by a peaceable doctor who was trying to post a letter.

Unemployed Rags. 1 am sure that the collisions between the police and the unemployed are so terrible, so menacing, and such a sign of the times as some papers would have us believe. You will find, in all these marching bodies of unemployed, not only the foreign agitators, whose intention is probably vicious, but a large quantity of idle young men who are out for a rag. They enjoy the shemozzle. A crashing pane of glass brings joy to their souls. The sight of snug, rich, terrified shop-keepers hastily pulling down their shutters makes these young fellows laugh.

But all this sort of thing is very far removed from revolution. Revolutions do not come about from high spirits. Revolutions are not noisy

affairs. Revolutions are deep, and silent, and sinister in their apparent calm. Neither are revolutions brought to pass by the ragged and the uneducated. You must have brains behind a revolution. And you must have good native brains — not imported varieties of uncertain quality.

I would advise those in authority, instead of rushing into panicky legislation because a few helmets have been knocked off and a few windows broken, to keep their eyes on the professional classes. There is no dole for the professional man, nor does he walk in processions. But the whip of taxation may rouse him at last to a fury that will be dangerous because it will be backed by trained intelligence.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S DAUGHTER: THE HON. ELEANOR SMITH.

One of the many interesting portraits at the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries is that of the Hon. Eleanor Smith, daughter of Lord Birkenhead. It is by Flora Lion.

Photograph by Campbell.

A New Way of Showing Jealousy!







A WHIRLWIND SUCCESS IN "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE," AT THE PAVILION: GERMAINE MITTY AND TILLIO.

One of the great successes of that most successful new revue, "The Fun of the Fayre," at the Favilion, are the dancers Germaine Mitty and Tillic. Their Jealousy Dance is a most acrobatic strong-man—and

strong-woman—affair; their second appearance is in "L'Oiseau Blessé," which is more mild in character, but equally delightful to watch. Germaine Mitty's figure is an amazing example of feminine muscular grace.



OLD weather at last, and the joy of wearing our new furs without looking unseasonable, as we did last week. Crisp, dry, bracing air, and a feeling of fun waiting round every corner as you meet, one after another, face on face bronzed by the sunshine of the very longest summer of this generation. I have just met Ivan Charteris on his way to another great shoot at Houghton.

London is pure lapis-lazuli to-day. Last night there were so many stars that you heard them sing. I heard them. A mystical



I. Angela, Algy, and the others are most interested in these ladies in Sloane Street who, under the title of the "Universal Aunts" "undertake any commission at any time." They mean to find them a great deal of work. Algy means to apply for an "aunt" to go shopping with Angela, and whenever Angela is about to order "2 new models at 80 guineas each," the "aunt" will exclaim: "What is that smell of burning? The house is on fire!" And in the ensuing excitement Angela will forget her order.

extravaganza at first, all pathos crescendo into tragedy, and bursting into a fanfare of final philosophical acceptance of this poor old turning world as God made it.

It is wonderful the power of starlight.

All day long I fought with fate.

There are inconsistencies abroad. There are fat people about with fatter purses. There are men and women at home from abroad who have done not one thing to save this Empire they are now enjoying. There is a woman I know who was sometimes hungry during the war. And very often cold, and always pinching somewhere or other. And it is distracting to see her still striving against a world who will kill the fatted calf for the wrong people.

But the stars change all that.

Their song is of just rewards. They look at life in the large, and it is extraordinary how much less you long for that new hat. What is a mere thing of velvet and feathers when you own the whole world overhead? What is Bond Street, or Hanover Square, or, indeed, the Rue de la Paix, as compared with the panorama last night from my window? Little London below, and little England round about, and the stars guarding it all as they are also guarding India and Australasia and Canada, and British Guiana, and the Falkland Isles. . . . And all those places tinier to them than the pavingstones to me! No wonder the hat, even the one with the trailing black feather, crept into the insignificance of its box without a murmur. The memory of it was scorned by the music of the spheres.

But Carl Rosa may have had something to do with it. He tuned my senses and sent me home from the Royal Opera House ready to brave the constellations.

Music made me hate the need to discover names amongst the audience.

But music and Miss Megan Lloyd George together somehow made me more human. So I gladly found Lady Carisbrooke, very lovely in black, with a scintillating head-dress; and Madame Merry del Val in a neighbouring box; and the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos in a long ermine coat half revealing a brocade dress; and Lord Howe's beautiful daughter-in-law, Lady Curzon; and Princess Obolenski Youriefsky, in the stalls; and Mrs. Claude Beddington, that accomplished pianist, and Lady Helmsley.

Royalty graced the house in the presence of Princess Christian and Princess Helena Victoria, in the Royal box, both wearing black relieved by diamonds and pearls. And the Diplomatic Corps was represented by the American Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey, and the Italian Ambassador, and, I think, Prince and Princess Reginald du Croy, of the Belgian Embassy.

Of course, with the rest of the world of winter-sport fame, I am going to the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club Ball on November 8, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

I hear that Mr. Clifford Essex's band will be conducted by Mr. Dalton Marshall. Colonel Kentish, the Hon. Secretary of the Club, says that tickets are being clamoured for. Lord and Lady Grimthorpe are going, and, of course, Lady Ribblesdale (Lord Ribblesdale is much better, happily), and Lady Markham, and Baroness de Forest, and the Orr-Ewings, Tennants, Mrs. Dalgleish, Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton, Mrs. Leland-Littlefield, Mrs. E. L. Strutt, Stanley Wilson (the Member of Parliament) and, of course, Mr. Frank Curzon, who practically made St. Moritz, or, anyhow, did much for



2. Aunt Babsie means to have an "aunt" always to go about with her as a memory guard. Aunt Babsie adds to her naïve efforts to achieve eternal youth a violent predilection for reminiscences, and if she should remark in passing the Albert Memorial: "I remember one day, when this beautiful monument was being built—" the "aunt" will tactfully remark: "Isn't dearest Babsie wonderful? She remembers all her incarnations."

it by being President of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, and presenting his annual cup for the Cresta Run.

He is giving a big dinner-party that night for the ball, but not (as some suppose) on the price paid by his race-horse at Newmarkot.

last week, for he doesn't possess a race-horse, and it is not that Frank Curzon at all (though they both have houses at Newmarket).

The Cresta Cup Frank Curzon is the youngest son of the late Lord Scarsdale, and brother of Lord Curzon of Kedleston. His St. Moritz history dates from those wondrous days long before the mountain railway reached it—when long sleigh drives and picnics were necessities, and the Maloya Pass a glorious dream-way from Alpine height to Italy. Not that it is less dream-like to-day; but



3. All Kitten's friends are subscribing for a very strongminded, determined "aunt," who will forcibly remove her from any house in which she utters scandal.

it is more luxurious. For almost every mountain there is now a millionaire ready to pay fancy prices for those delicious little blue trout that surely taste better than any other trout in the world! Instead of the little rough-and-tumble Swiss hotels immortalised by Beatrice Harraden, we now have palatial stone mansions, all hotwater pipes, and double windows, and jazz bands, and liveried sleigh-drivers, and electricity.

But not even the millionaires can affect the scenery—nor the skating, nor the ski-ing, nor the sunshine. Not even the millionaires can alter the Engadine—the Engadine of blue and purple mists breaking into moonlight, of immemorial peaks peering into a heaven nearer to earth than I have seen heaven from any other point on the habitable globe.

And, talking of scenery, the pictures of Morocco, the Riviera, and other places by Sir John Lavery at the Alpine Club Gallery are wonderfully satisfying. I crept in for another look after most of the private view crowd had melted. It was like a whiff straight from the sea, his "Tangier Bay—Morning." And the afterglow at Taplow told me more of Sir John than I had suspected—and the "Little White Boats," and "Eze," and "The Blue Bay," and above all, "The Terrace, Cap d'Ail," and the beautiful interior scene the catalogue calls "Lennoxlove, N.B." I have dreamed in just that hazy green twilight. I have wandered in those woods at Taplow. Indeed, I was not startled by any of Sir John Lavery's pictures. I expected him to satisfy me.

But I was startled by the cleverness of Lady Lavery's portraits. I was expecting something amateurish or "pretty-pretty." Somehow, one never expects anything more than that from a beautiful woman. It is enough that she should give unto the world—herself! So I was delighted with the clever portait of Adèle Countess of Essex; and I was delighted with the portraits of Sir John Lavery, and of Stephen McKenna, and Lady Pembroke, and pretty Mrs. Richard Norton, and Myrtle Farquharson, and Lady Gwendoline Churchill. I was especially delighted with the portrait in oils of Mrs. Ralph Peto—all rich, warm colours that might live for ever on a wall by some Old Master.

The portrait of Lady Rocksavage was not so satisfactory. It was like, yet unlike. There was a something too much or a something too little; or perhaps I was remembering too well the portrait of her by Sargent, who saw her very differently from Lady Lavery's seeing. Anyhow, it was pleasing enough to the new owner of "The

Blue Boy" and "The Tragic Muse," Mr. Duveen, who bought Lady Rocksavage's portrait for his own collection.

There were so many people all talking at once that it was hard to hear myself think. A great sprinkling of artists and journalists, as well as of social notabilities. And Lady Lavery was in her best good looks, and Sir John was a most kind host, and there were numerous Asquiths, and the Carisbrookes, and Lady Diana Cooper (all in black), and Madame Merry del Val with Lady Cunard, and Lord Fairfax, and M. Wolkoff, and Lady Alexander, and hundreds of others. And I heard Filson Young being most academic in his criticisms—a somewhat portlier Filson Young than the author of "Memory Harbour" used to be. Evidently the strain and worry of editing the Saturday Review is less than the arduous duties of a flag lieutenant—and wasn't he some such important thing on Lord Beatty's flag-ship (or I should say in his ship!) during the war?

I have been again to the Grand Guignol. I quivered and quaked through the convincing tragedy of "The Unseen," and through the haunting horrors of "Fear," and I even laughed a little when the old artist in waxworks lamented the rise in journalism. Journalists could play so much more with every detail of a crime than he ever could (he said) in mere wax!

Not till next morning did I really feel comfortable again. And then only because I lunched out and met Miss Paula Gellibrand on the way; and Lord and Lady Blandford very sunshiny with a young party; and delightful Miss Lois Sturt, and lovely Miss Louise Stuart-Wortley, who had been spending a week-end with Mrs. Martin, who has taken Maxine Elliott's charming house at Bushey, and gives parties, where tennis and bridge and plenty of nice young men make life very pleasant. Lois Sturt was just off to another party at Blenheim, and was singing the praises of the new Duchess of Marlborough.

In spite of rather foggy weather, the private view of the National Portrait Society, at the Grafton Galleries, was crowded with well-known people, who came to see their own portraits or those of their friends. Red hats seemed quite as much in favour as they were in the summer, and gave a welcome note of colour. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper was not the wearer of one of them, however. She had on a simple black cloth costume and toque, and with it—it may have been an effect of the bad light—black shoes and brown stockings. Is that an indication of coming fashions? Let us hope not! Lady Cunard, in a black velvet dress, was gazing with great interest at her own portrait by that brilliant young artist, Guevara. The Hon. Eleanor Smith had on a brown cloth dress, with beaver furs and a bright rose-plush toque. Lady Birkenhead was in brown velvet.



4. And Angela is applying for an "aunt" (a young and pretty one) to keep watch over Algy and Pêche, and whenever they enter their favourite tea-shop for a pleasant tête-à-tête meal, the "aunt" will swoop down, remarking: "Oh, Algy! Don't you remember me? I'm Cousin Joan"—and will not leave them. (We think it likely the "aunts" may refuse to undertake this—indeed, they have not yet accepted any of these commissions.)

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE: SOCIETY'S



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AT LUTON HOO: WATCHING THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER CLUB'S TRIALS.



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LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S: CAPTAIN GUY YERBURGH
AND MISS HILDA DE BUNSEN.



IN BLUE-GREEN, TO MATCH THE BRIDEGROOM'S IRISH GUARDS' PLUME: THE BRIDESMAIDS AT THE YERBURGH—DE BUNSEN WEDDING.

Lord and Lady Vivian are shown with Vulcanite of Glynn.—In our group of visitors to the Labrador Club's field trials are (l. to r.): Mrs. Whitbread, Mrs. Bromhead Bassett, Lady Hampden, Mr. Whitbread, Lady Ludlow, Mr. Corbet, and Mr. H. G. S. Hughes.—Miss Helena Normanton, one of the first women lawyers, has married Mr. Gavin Clark, son of Dr. B. C. Clark. She will not abandon her legal plans, nor will she change her name.—Miss Susan May Leitch is one of the famous golfing sisters, the third daughter of the late Dr. John Leitch. She will be married to Mr. Robert Macgregor Millar, M.C., youngest son of the late Mr. W. and the Hon. Mrs. Millar, of Killarney Wood, Ireland.—The Eastern Counties' Society held their Field Trials at Lexham, Norfolk. The Hon. Denis Finch-Hatton, M.C., is the younger son of the Earl of Winchilsea. Sir Ralph Hare is the third Baronet.—Lord and Lady Stafford were among the visitors to the Labrador Retriever Club's Field Trials.—The Hon. Frederick S. Gough-Calthorpe is the only son of Lord and Lady Calthorpe, and is well known as the Captain of the Warwickshire Cricket Team. Miss Rose Mary Dorothy Vernon-Harcourt is the only daughter of the late Mr. Leveson

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AT THE LUTON HOO FIELD TRIALS: LORD AND LADY STAFFORD.



THE DUKE OF YORK, PRINCE HENRY, FRIENDS.



ENGAGED TO MISS D. VERNON-HARCOURT: THE HON. F. S. GOUGH-CALTHORPE.

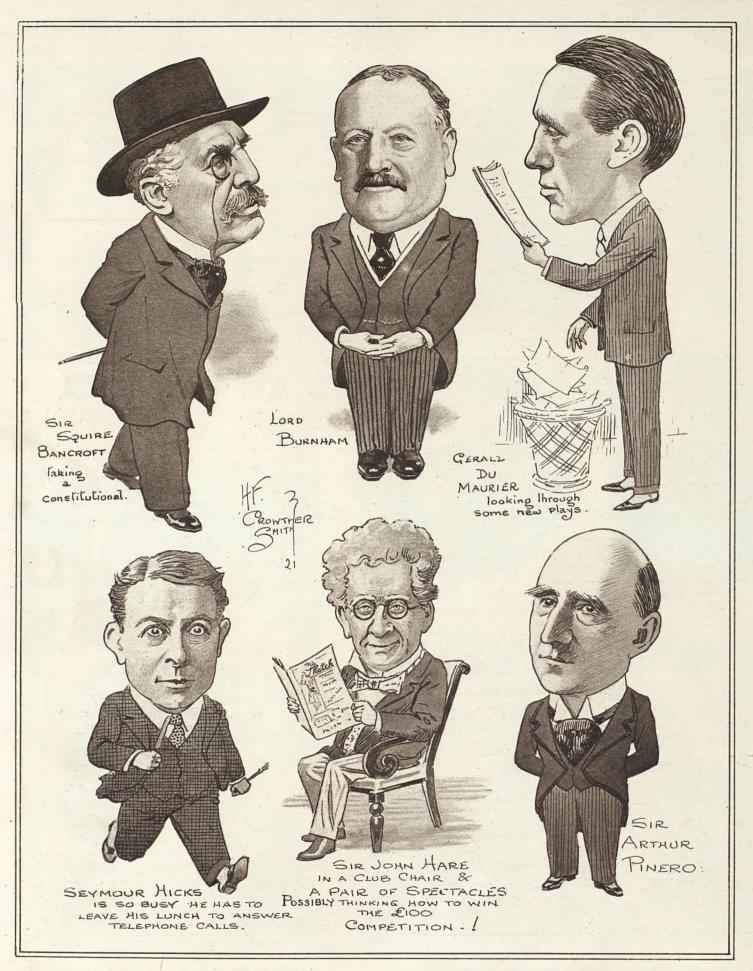


LEAVING ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET: MR. ERIC CROSFIELD
AND MISS JOAN DE WINTON.



LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: BRIG.-GEN. C. B. WOODROFFE, C.M.G., C.B.E., AND MISS ISLAY MACDONALD MORETON.

Vernon-Harcourt, and of Mrs. Matthew Liddell.—Captain Guy Yerburgh, Irish Guards, second son of Mrs. R. A. Yerburgh, married Miss Hilda de Bunsen, eldest daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady de Bunsen, at St. Margaret's. The bride was attended by ten bridesmaids—Miss Cicely, Miss Rosalind and Miss Mary de Bunsen, Miss Rosemary, Miss Patricia and Miss Faythe Corry, Miss Moira Brassey, Miss Rebecca Buxton, Miss Barbara Buckler, and Miss Joan Yerburgh; and two train-bearers—Miss Marjorie Yerburgh and Miss Diana Barnes, who wore georgette dresses of bluey-green to match the Irish Guards' plume in the bearskin worn by officers of the bridegroom's regiment.—Miss Joan de Winton, whose marriage to Mr. Eric Crosfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Crosfield, of Embley Park, Hants, took place last week, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. de Winton, of Maesilwch Castle, Glasbury, Hereford.—Miss Islay Macdonald Moreton, who married Brig.-Gen. C. R. Woodroffe, C.M.G., C.B.E., is the youngest daughter of the late Col. A. H. Macdonald Moreton, and of Mrs. Macdonald Moreton.—[Photographs by S. and G., L'Estrange, Photopress, Bassano, I.B., Central Press, C.N., and Farringdon.]



CLUBLAND CARICATURES: GARRICK CLUB CELEBRITIES.

The Garrick Club was founded in 1831, for "the general patronage of the drama, and for bringing together the supporters of the drama, and for the formation of a theatrical library with works on costume." In 1904 the club was moved from King Street to its present

quarters in Garrick Street. Lord Burnham is one of the Club Trustees. Lord Buckmaster is an influential member, and most leading actors and dramatic authors belong to it. The club contains an interesting collection of theatrical portraits.

Novel Works by a Great Colourist: New Dulacs.



"MING AND TSU-HSI." (LENT BY THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.)



"CHANG." (LENT BY THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.)



"MESSRS. CHARLES RICKETTS AND CHARLES SHANNON— A FANTASY." (LENT BY THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.)

Mr. Edmund Dulac is nothing if not versatile, and he proves it by the variety in his exhibits at the National Portrait Society at the Grafton Galleries—Pekinese dogs, caricatures of well-known personalities,



"COUNT JOHN OSTROROG"—FROM CONTEMPORARY DOCUMENTS.
(LENT BY COUNT LEON OSTROROG.)

a wax model, masks, and a reconstruction by picture of a Polish nobleman and his wife! Besides which, do we not all know his exquisite coloured illustrations to fairy-tales?

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by W. E. Gray.

THE BEST ATTENDED PRIVATE VIEW: SOCIETY



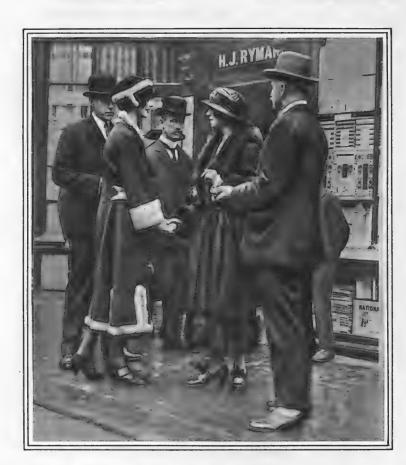
LADY GLENCONNER.



LORD LATHOM AND MRS. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.



MRS. R. GUINNESS AND HER DAUGHTER.



COLONEL JAMES FORBES AND MRS. FORBES TALKING TO SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER.



MR. GARDNER, LADY CURZON, AND MRS. RALPH PETO.

The show of pictures by Sir John and Lady Lavery at the Alpine Calleries was certainly the smartest private view imaginable. On the two days—the Saturday and Sunday—the place was filled with all the best-known Society people, a number of whom had come to see their own

AND SIR JOHN AND LADY LAVERY'S PICTURES.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.



MRS. JOWETT AND MRS. DENNIS EADIE.



MRS. LIONEL GUEST.



MRS. CYRIL ASQUITH, LADY POLLOCK, AND MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK.



THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR AND MME. MERRY DEL VAL.

portraits, most skilfully painted by Lady Lavery. It is not often that husband and wife both gain such distinction in the same art as is the case with Sir John and Lady Lavery.—[Photographs exclusive to "The Sketch" by Alfieri.]

Other copies Troubles Faris Letter

THE most talked-of people in Paris at this moment are the dressmakers. There is M. Paul Poiret, who is more than ever in the public eye because he has written—or rather has composed in colour—a revue; and there is Captain Molyneux, who the other day was married to Miss Muriel Dunsmuir.

It appears that M. Poiret, in signing a revue, is only returning to youthful habits. If he has devoted his attention to dressmaking for many years, he was at one period a theatrical author. He is simply going back to his first love—without, however, being unfaithful to his real business. "Vogue,"

which is the title of the revue by Paul Poiret, Saint - Granier, and Briquet is, above all, a procession of costumes. It is a thing of motley. Were there nothing else but those beautiful collections of clothes in the three principal scenes, the Théâtre Michel might well attract Tout Paris. One is the défilé of Games, the other of the Chansons, and the third is the "Boutique de l'Antiquaire." Rarely has there been such invention expressed in harmony. M. Poiret is the most daring juggler with colours that I These spectacles that he has prepared are surprising. It is not often that audacity is joined with taste. M. Poiret presents us with surprise after surprise, splendour after splendour. He has the eye of a great painter.

There are dresses of every kind. M. Poiret knows how to clothe the games of dominoes and of chess with wit. His jokes are in stuffs. He is spirituel in silhouettes. The brilliance of his mind is expressed in vivid hues. He thinks in robes and he imagines in frocks. He produces the "Chanson du Troubabour," the "Chanson de Route," and the "Chanson des Rues." He gives us sumptuous tableaux of the Second Empire, Venetian Glass, Vitrail, Buddhas; fancies in brocart, and poems in velvet. The "Poupée de Chiffons," in which the danseuse Jasmine appears, is delightful; and the flickering of luminous butterfly wings in the darkness is adorable. To enumerate the happy ideas of M. Poiret is impossible. The other authors have contributed their share to this revue, but it is the contribution of M. Poiret that really matters.

The chief star in this revue is Mlle. Parisys, who is indeed piquante. But Mme. Jeanne Cheirel shows herself to be a really fine comédienne. As for Saint-Granier, who is actor as well as author, he has an excellent talent of imitation.

The wedding-dress of Mrs. Molyneux—designed by her husband, who has in a very short time won a place among the foremost couluriers of Paris—was another illustration of the determination of women to break away from the old tradition of white or grey. It is true that the ceremony was of the simplest possible description. The dress was of golden-brown silk, and there hung over the shoulders a short cape of brown velours. The bride is the daughter of Mr. James Dunsmuir, who was Governor of British Columbia.

The chief feature of the new season—apart, of course, from the playful habit we are developing of bomb-throwing—is the affectation of all things Spanish. Mme. Jean-Gabriel Domergue (the wife of the painter who has designed the scenery for that quaint Chinese play of Maurice Magre—"Sin"—at the Théâtre Fémina, and is at the same moment, I understand, winning triumphs in London) has been remarked on account of a wonderful Spanish comb, immense and beautiful, that she is wearing at first nights. But there is Spanish music as well as Spanish combs, Spanish singers and Spanish dancers as well as Spanish veils, Spanish painting as well as Spanish shawls.

The high key of many of the works of the Spanish artist Echegue is at first startling. But he has also in the Georges Petit Gallery a portrait of King Alfonso—always a good subject for the painter—that is a fine example of his style.

At the Opéra, which, I observe, is now again crowded, one may notice this Spanish vogue. revival of the Opéra is particularly agreeable. It has been naturally neglected during the prolonged summer, but now it is filled with a brilliant throng. Wagner has been restored to his old place and there is a demand that the "Ring" should be produced in its entirety in the course of a single week. There has been so much talk about the bankruptcy of the Opéra, of projects for turning it into a glorified cinema, that it is extremely satisfactory to be able to write that it has again become the resort of music-lovers and the haute société of Paris. A number of well-known Frenchwomen, such as the Princesse Murat, the Duchesse d'Uzès, the Duchesse de Doudeauville, the Princesse Edouard de Polignac, Mme. Alice Barthou, and others, have had the happy initiative of addressing a letter to Parisiennes in general, exhorting them to rally round the Opéra and the manifestations of art there organised. Let us hope the replies will be satisfactory.

One who is rallying round the Opéra in another fashion is André Dahl, perhaps the best-known fantaisiste. Just to show what could be done, he made a capital practical commentary on the shortage of houses the other day. When Cuarter Tay came round there were some evictions, and as there is simply no flat to be found, he bought some old planks, had them wheeled to the Opéra pavement, and then, under the eyes of the police, proceeded to build of the police, processor for himself a wooden booth. Will There

it be believed that no one questioned his right to do so? There are so many repairs and decorations and what not going on that it was assumed that he was in some way authorised to erect a hut. There he slept for over a week in the heart of the city, his rudely built shelter blocking the way to the national Temple of Music! I suppose in the end he will be ordered to pull down this structure, but in the meantime he has indicated one method of solving the housing problem.

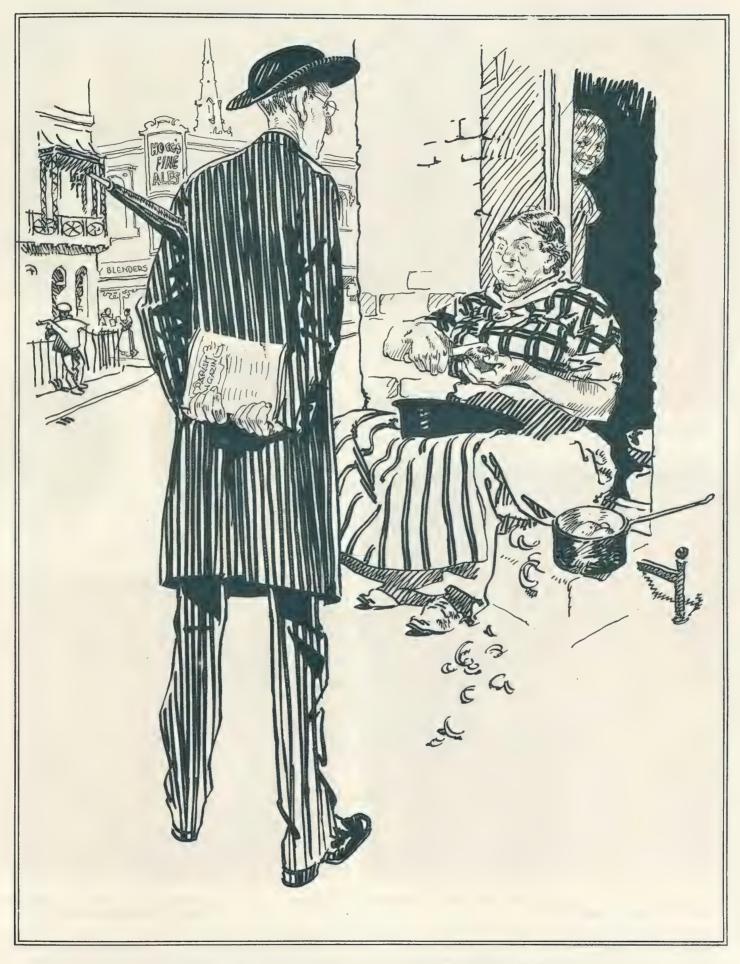
Sisley Huddleston.



AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PARIS: LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST AND HIS DAUGHTER, THE HON. DIAMOND HARDINGE.

Lord Hardinge of Penshurst has been our Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in Paris since 1920. Previously he had been Viceroy of India, 1910-1916; and Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1916-1920—a post which he also occupied from 1906-1910. He also has been British Ambassador to Russia, 1904-6. In 1890 he married the Hon. Winifred Sturt, daughter of the first Baron Alington. The Hon. Diamond Hardinge is his only daughter, and acts as hostess at the Embassy. His elder son was killed during the war.—[Photograph by Photo. News Agency.]

Even Song.



THE VICAR: I'm afraid I didn't see you at church this morning, Mrs. Smith.

MRS. SMITH: Well, yer see, Sir, if we goes at all, we goes to the second 'ouse.

Drawn by Frank Newbould.

HERE; THERE, AND EVERYWHERE



COVERED COURT LAWN-TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB: MISS K. McKANE AND MR. S. N. DOUST.



OPEN MIXED FOURSOMES AT WORPLESDON: (L. TO R.) MISS JOYCE WETHERED, MISS GOURLAY, CAPTAIN ANGUS HAMBRO, M.P., AND MR. WETHERED.



THE GOLF TOURNAMENT MR. T. A. TORRAL







MISS E. STEWART RICHARDSON.



MISS JOAN CROMPTON ROBERTS.



THE WEDDING OF THE HON, LIONEL LINDSAY AND MISS IONE KENNEDY:
THE HON. LIONEL LINDSAY AND HIS WIFE LEAVING THE CHURCH



OPENING A CHARITY BAZAAR: LADY LINLITHGOW, WITH COUNTESS DE LA WAR

At the London Covered Courts Meeting in the Mixed Doubles Mr. S. N. Doust and Miss K. McKane beat Mr. F. G. Lowe and Mrs. Lambert Chambers by 6—8, 6—3, 11—9. In the Ladies' Open Doubles, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mrs. Peacock beat Mrs. Cobb and Miss Kemmis Betty 6—1, 6—2.—The Open Mixed Foursomes were concluded on the 26th. In the semi-finals, Miss Helme and Mr. T. A. Torrance defeated Mrs. Patey and Mr. Noel Layton, and Miss Joyce Wethered and Mr. R. H. Wethered defeated Mrs. Deane and Bernard Darwin. Miss Helme and Mr. Torrance won the final.—Miss Edith Muriel Stewart Richardson is the second daughter of the late Lt.-Col. E. R. Stewart Richardson. She is engaged to Lt.-Col. R. H. Macdonald, R.E., youngest son of the late Lord Kingsburgh The marriage will take place on Nov. 9.—Miss Joan and Miss Lettice Crompton Roberts are the daughters of Lt.-Col. Charles M. C. Roberts, of 52, Mount Street.—

Photographs by Ian Smith, Photo News Agency, L.N.A., 6

VARIOUS SOCIAL PHASES.



WORPLESDON: MISS HELME AND



THE GOLF TOURNAMENT AT WORPLESDON: LORD CHARLES HOPE, MISS E. GRANT SUTTIE, MISS BOTT, AND MISS JOAN STOCKER.



MISS LETTICE CROMPTON ROBERTS



MRS. KING-HARMAN.



AT THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE GIRLS' ORGANISATIONS: LORD POLWARTH, VISCOUNTESS NOVAR, MISS M. C. COWAN, MRS. PARSONS, AND MRS. DALMOHOY.



COVERED COURT LAWN - TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB: MRS. SATTERTHWAITE (LEFT) AND MRS. PEACOCK.



AT AN ASCOT WEDDING: PRINCESS ALICE AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE.

Mrs. King-Harman is the widow of Captain Stafford King-Harman, Irish Guards, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pakenham Mahon, of Ireland, and 33, Pont Street. Her engagement to Mr. W. S. A. Hales, East Yorkshire Regiment, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Atherstone Hales, was announced the other day. The marriage of the Hon. Lionel Lindsay and Miss Ione Kennedy took place at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, on the 25th.—Lady Linlithgow opened a charity thé-dansant organised by Lady De La Warr and Lady Margaret Sackville (on extreme left).— At the united demonstration of Edinburgh girls' organisations, Lady Novar read a message from Princess Mary, who had hoped to be present - The wedding of Miss Dorothy Cairns to Mr. C. Raven Hill Stock, late of the Coldstream Guards, took place at Ascot Parish Church on the 25th. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were among the guests.

ertram Park, Press Portrait Bureau, and Sport and General.



PETERR'S PROBLEMS: No. IV.—SCIENCE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON. (Author of "Low Ceilings," "Green Ladies," "War," "Westward with the Prince of Wales," &c.)

VERARD BRUNT, financier of the ruthless-jaw school, summoned Paul Peterr into the presence of Cudlock Wane, chemico-investigator.

The great private detective prised loose his mind from a positive bristle of laboratory apparatus to release a pitying smile upon Paul's perfect creases. So have all the private detectives smiled on them of the police since the holy dawn of the illustrated magazine.

You have been here two days," he said in a sort of test-tube voice. "Have you put your finger on the thief who stole the £20,000

from my friend's-Mr. Brunt's-safe, Mr. Peterr?

' Did you expect a taste in waistcoats like mine to triumph over all that?" asked Paul Peterr languidly, indicating the Department of Science exhibit on the tables with his long cigarette-holder.

"No," said Cudlock Wane, in a tone that suggested highly embittered gas issuing from an entirely satisfied retort. He then delivered himself of all his little white thoughts concerning the inesticiency of the police. (See any Crime Investigator, Any Magazine.) Then he became human.

'It is fortunate that my old friend Everard Brunt had me among his guests at the time of this shocking afair. He knows me and my methods well, and-well, to cut a long story short, while you have been feeling about in the dark of antique police method, I have found the miscreant, and will give you evidence to effect his arrest."

'I listen with a stubborn constabulary contempt, which gradually changes to bated awe," said Paul Peterr in a tired voice. Cudlock Wane glared, swallowed hard, cleared his throat, and went on.

"The details are simple. A rogue who seemed to have accurate knowledge of the routine of the watchman in this house forced the window of Mr. Brunt's study, opened the safe with what was apparently a duplicate key, abstracted the notes, and decamped without seemingly leaving a trace.'

"Only as far as the antique police were concerned, surely?" smiled Paul Peterr. "Cudlock Wane found plenty of traces?

"Several," said the chemico-investigator, again swallowing his uvula. "Microscopy reveals the fact that the criminal knew enough to use gloves. No finger-prints, you understand. However, in the window at which he entered is a projecting nail. Examination of that nail through the high-power Dr. Gross lens showed several wisps of material. Treated with re-agents, those shreds turned pink; therefore they were animal matter-wool, in fact. Subjected to chemical analysis, this material gave distinct traces of peat carbon from smoke, not in the fabric, but clinging to it; the fibres were tinted by commercial dyes a mustard colour, green, and purple

'And it all means that somebody wearing a Highland heathermixture sports coat caught it on that nail as he climbed into the

room," said Paul Peterr. "Am I right? Good."

Again Cudlock Wane gulped. "Now the safe was opened by a duplicate key-obviously. I examined Mr. Brunt's key, and found lodged in the wards tiny particles of brass-founder's wax-a peculiar composition, utilised in making moulds, Mr. Peterr. Proceeding on my investigations, I found in a certain gulley-trap in this house, Mr. Peterr, a quantity of the same brass-founder's wax, and also fragments of plaster-of-Paris, from which a mould for casting a key might have been constructed from the impression made in the founder's wax. That gulley-trap, Mr. Peterr, served the west wing of the house. I suppose even you appreciate what that means? There is standing water in all the rooms of that wing. Somebody had made a mould for that key in one of the rooms and, after making the perfect duplicate key, had got rid, as he thought, of the incriminating material by breaking it up and allowing it to be washed down the waste-pipe. Science, however, can follow up microscopic trails. We had now located the base of the thief, so to speak. Our next move .

I think I can arrive with my unaided grey matter at that. You took Jimmy Stevenson's sports coat-it is the only one answering the description in that wing-went over it with a microscope, extracted its essential dust by means of your crimino-vacuum an' all I 've got to do is to clap the handcuffs on the lad.'

You put it horribly, but you are right; spectrum analysis, chemical precipitation, and the rest reveal the fact that James Stevenson has, while in this house, been handling brass-founder's wax, plaster-of-Paris, and brass; particles of all these materials have been definitely discovered in the fabric of his sports coat.'

And," snarled Everard Brunt in his harsh and bitter voice, "following this up, the £20,000 in notes, also the duplicate safe-key,

also a pair of his own gloves were found hidden in the wainscoting of his room."

'The gloves bear traces of the compositions I have already namedplus particles of stone and dust from the window-sill of Mr. Brunt's study. Science is unerring. Well, what do you say, Mr. Peterr?"
"I am engulfed in admiration," smiled Paul Peterr.

"Science," said Cudlock Wane, with a touch of modest pride. "It is science, not me.'

"No," grinned Paul Peterr. "It's not you at all. I'm not admiring you. Or science. I'm admiring Mr. Brunt."
"What!" snapped both men.

" Mr. Brunt's memory, mainly. His memory for all your methods, Mr. Wane. More than that, his memory for a wrong done. The elephant's proverbial age-long nursing of revenge is a mere childish outburst of spleen beside Mr. Brunt's.

Everard Brunt leaped to his feet and dived headlong at Paul Peterr. Both Mr. Brunt's hands came into action. Peterr ought to have been a dead man. He is one of your difficult diers. He sort of snickered in under Mr. Brunt's whirling fists. His left hand applied itself firmly yet violently to where Mr. Brunt's solar plexus was wont to lurk in his slimmer youth, and his right rose up to Mr. Brunt's jaw. Then he called a large, sixteen-stone policeman into the room, and said almost regretfully: "Watch him well. If he shows irritation or activity when he recovers consciousness, just handcuff him.'

"What does it all mean?" said Cudlock Wane, cowering among his retorts.

"It means," grinned Paul Peterr, "that Mr. Everard Brunt has never forgotten 'that James Stevenson senior' exposed him as a shifty company promoter fifteen years ago. Brunt swore then to do him a deadly hurt. He was endeavouring to do it through the ruin of Stevenson's son, Jimmy—and you were helping him."

"But the evidence is irrefutable!" bleated Cudlock Wane.

"It is. Brunt is an artist." While he made up to Jimmy junior, unknown to the father, he was also studying your infallible methods. When he felt certain that he could prove Jimmy guilty through them, he invited you both down. Jimmy, I might say, lost a very heavy packet over the last races. That was to come out in the court. It was to be the motive.

"But-how did you find out?"

"Chemico-investigation," smiled Paul Peterr sadly.

"What—you mean to say that you—you——?"
"Not me—just you," said Paul Peterr. "Your chemico-investigation. Let me tell you that the spectacle of a scientific analyst biting deep and growling in an alkaloid joy over a milligram of criminal muck in a drain is an impressive sight. I was impressed. When I saw you stalking Jimmy's sports coat I knew that the worst was about to happen to Jimmy. I had a little friendly chat with him. I discovered a most profound thing in him. I discovered he had a most vicious inclination towards cleanliness."

'I don't quite get that!

" No, it's not in a test tube, but it's a human fact all the same. I discovered that Brother Brunt here had made. Jimmy sick the day before the robbery, because he would maul and pat him with filthy hands. "His beastly hands were covered with thick grease," are Jimmy's precise words, "and he rubbed it into me." Brother Brunt was preparing for the spectrum and the micro-analysis, what?"

Cudlock Wane made Bunsen-burner noises.

"I then, of course, got into contact with things. Telephones told me in heated accents that Stevenson père was horrified that his son should be the guest of a scallywag like Brunt, and I learnt why-the old grudge, of course. Then I found that Jimmy's basin was not the only one that emptied into your incriminatory gully. There was a room over Jimmy's-locked. I have a persuasive manner with locks. I found that some lad had been using that room to make moulds and file brass and all the rest of it; that there was also a hole in the floor by which one could drop a bundle of notes, a pair of gloves (which Jimmy lost), and a fake key behind Jimmy's wainscoting; and finally, that the only person who ever used that room was Brother Brunt."

"The dog!" snarled Cudlock Wane-" that's why he has taken such a keen interest in my criminal methods." The chemico-analyst

shook his fist at the prone financier.
"You bet," said Paul Peterr. "Brother Brunt never watches Johnnies like you for nothing-neither do I."

THE END.

This Week's Studdy.



THE GHOST STORY.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by G. E. Studdy.





Make Up - Not Magic: Virgin Queen and

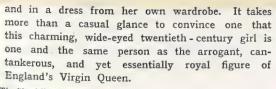


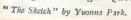
Miss Laura Cowie's performance as Queen Elizabeth, in "Now and Then," at the Vaudeville, is notable from the point of view both of the acting and of the costume and make-up. Our photographs illustrate the achievement; for they show Miss Cowie in her red wig and Tudor costume,

Photographs specially taken fo

Miss Laura Cowie as the as Her Sweet Self.





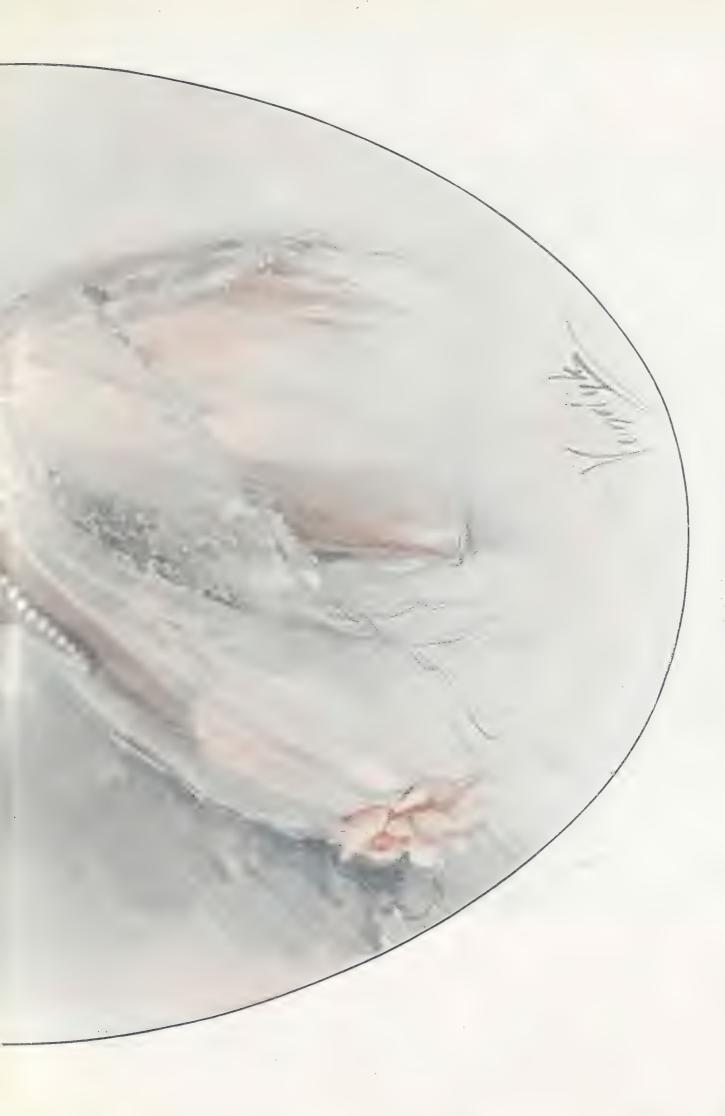






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172-[Nov. 2, 1921]—"Tetch [Nov. 2, 1921]—173



OUR PRINCESS.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HRH, PRINCESS MARY,

Coloured pholograph by Vandyk; exclusive to "The Sketch,"

A Jonkheer's Daughter Weds.



MARRIED TO MR. RALPH STEVENSON: MRS. STEVENSON (MLLE. BOREEL).

Mrs. Ralph Stevenson is the elder daughter of the late Jonkheer R. J R. Boreel, and of Mme. Crommelin, wife of the Liberian Minister. Her marriage to Mr. Ralph Clarmont Skrine Stevenson, elder and

only surviving son of Surgeon-General H. W. Stevenson, C.S.I. (I.M.S., retired), and of Mrs Stevenson, of Balladoole, near Castletown, Isle of Man, took place on Oct. 27.

Of an Engineering Family: A Charming Bride To Be.



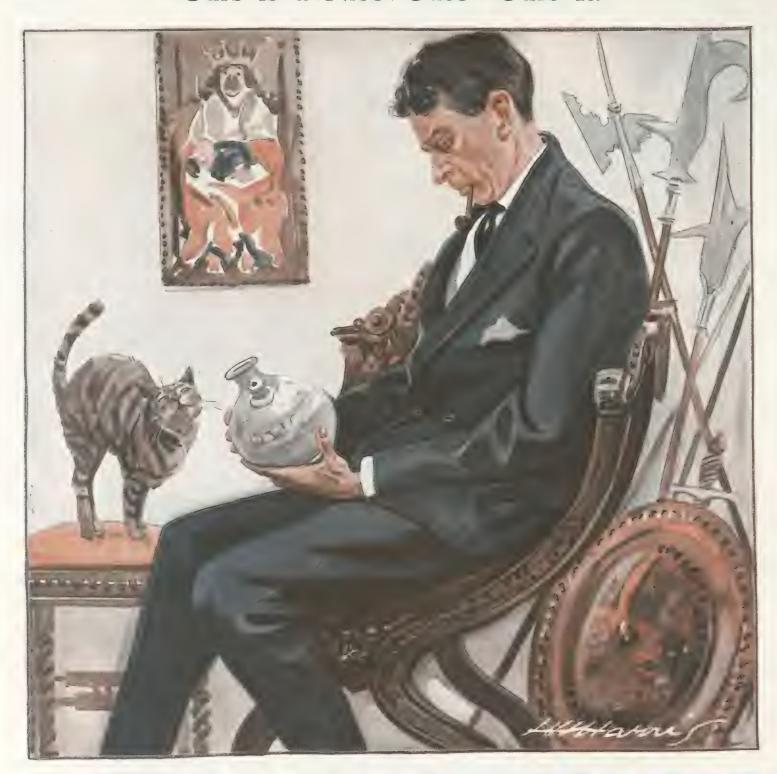
TO MARRY MR. VYVYAN W. PEARCE ON THE 9TH: MISS M. WOLFE BARRY.

The marriage between Miss Madeleine Wolfe Barry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe Barry, and Mr. Vyvyan Whitmore Pearce, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Pearce, of Seaford House, Seaford, is fixed to take place at Holy Trinity Church, on Wednesday, November 9.

The bride-to-be comes of a well-known family and is the grand-

daughter of the famous engineer, the late Sir John Wolfe Barry, of whom London has so many memorials. Kew Bridge is one of his achievements, as well as the Tower Bridge; while the Houses of Parliament were the work of her great-grandfather, Sir Charles

"Ours is a Nice 'Ouse - Ours Is."





NOW IN "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE": MR. ALFRED LESTER, THE GREAT "SAD" COMEDIAN, AT HOME.

In the words of one of Mr. Alfred Lester's songs at the new London Pavilion revue, "The Fun of the Fayre," "Ours is a nice 'ouse, ours is." It was in his "nice 'ouse" that the famous comedian sat to our artist, surrounded by his old armour and old furniture, and holding one of his favourite bits of old pottery, while his beloved old tabby cat watched him. His rôle in the new revue is one which suits

him splendidly, whether he is acting as the satirical commentator on the enchanting "Seven Ages of Woman"; warning the audience lugubriously that "Some little germ will get you some day," or hymning the virtues of the nice 'ouse. Among other scenes he makes a brief but delightful appearance as the chauffeur with the Nonconformist conscience who is wooed by his lady.

THAT HUNDRED POUNDS!

By the Author of "Why, Oh, Why?"

F course, when it said at the top of the page that "no literary, technical, or artistic talent is required," that Settled It. Straight off. This was clearly Our Event, and the young lady who draws the same picture every week across the top of our page would be Nowhere. And when, oh when one caught "Ed. Sketch" admitting a little lower down the page, in one of his rare melting moods, that "we"—that always means Him—"do not want you to work for nothing," one was on to him like a rat after a terrier. Because he had always seemed to think previously . . . at least, the secretary of our Trade Union says . . . well, never mind!

Anyway, about that Competition. Shame to take the money, I call it. As easy as backing that horse with a name like a sneeze that they made all that talk about. Because, if you promise not to let on, I'll tell you how I've got that froe as good as won. And better. Like this. Taking the sheet of notepaper between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand—so—and filleting it down the middle—so—we bisected it (just as if we had been the League of Nations hashing Silesia) and inscribed Sheet 2 (see small bills) with our pen-name—Nil Desperandum—and the address from which we turn away moneylenders' circulars.

Then, baring the right arm to the elbow and sitting down smartly before writing-table (*l.c.*), we turned gaily to Question 1. "The feature I like best in *The Shelch* is . . ." Come, come. Why be modest? Oh, why? But, of course, they couldn't mean that, could they? It must be the other sort of feature. And that—yes, that was the catch. Whilst all of you were sending in silly little, answers about the haunting wistfulness of the Motor Notes and the queer lambent play of somebody or other's wit (entitling your essay "The Chic of Chicot"), I, and I alone, should be on the track of that wad of notes with a delightful selection of the features that I like best in the pictures.

A sort of concealed Beauty Competition. "The feature I like best in *The Sketch* is Chaliapin's left nostril." Or Miss Gladys Cooper's right forearm. Or Sir Eric Geddes's full-face reading from right to left. And that, as I shall tell the bairns in 1943, is how grandad won the Great Competition of 1921. Down it all went on Sheet 1, Followed by the admirable reasons given in the Model Answer: "Because, etc., etc."—quiet, you know, but cutting.

Now—or then—for Question 2. "The feature I like least in The Sketch is . ." Getting invidious. But we must go through with it. Besides, my real name won't come out, will it? Because it would be awful if one denounced Lady ——'s second chin over a complete name and address at which her solicitors could push writs in under the door. But it is an easy question, isn't it? I mean, look at all those lop-eared people in the group on page—well, work it out yourself.

And the next article, please? "The feature I should like added to *The Shetch* is . . . obviously Mr.—what did you say my name was?—at work." Followed by the same gifted gentleman visiting the pigs on his Home Farm. And you can all fill up that one to taste. Giving name and address of your favourite photographer who can record you for posterity yearning over the back of a sofa or under a Spanish comb. And if the Editor likes your profile, you win.

But there is one thing that you haven't been told yet about the Competition, isn't there? All that you know so far is that you get floo for saying what is your favourite feature in this Great Paper. But you hadn't heard that the author of that feature gets another floo for him—her—or itself when your choice falls in that direction, had you? No. Nor had we. But it isn't a bad idea. Bear it in mind. And go half shares with me.

N.B.—This is not in the least what we want! All we ask are serious answers to our serious questions, and not the cutting wit of "Why; Oh, Why?"

ANSWER THESE THREE QUESTIONS:-

- 1. What feature, from the literary, artistic, or printing point of view, do you think best in "The Sketch"?
- 2. What feature, from the same points of view, do you like least in "The Sketch," or would prefer to be omitted from its pages?
- 3. What feature not at present published in "The Sketch" would you like to see introduced?

No literary, technical, or artistic talent is required. Study of the paper and common-sense are alone needed.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS (£100) WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE THREE BEST ANSWERS from any one reader to the three questions printed here.

It must be understood, of course, that the Editor's decision as to the winner of the prize is final and cannot be discussed.

Each set of questions and answers should be written on a sheet of paper and signed with a pen-name. Another sheet of paper should bear your pen-name and your actual name and address. Thus:

SHEET 1.

- 1. The feature I like best in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.
- 2. The feature I like least in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.
- 3. The feature I should like added to "The Sketch" is, etc., etc.

(Signed)
CROIX DE GUERRE.

SHEET 2.

CROIX DE GUERRE.

ADAM ABEL,

3917, Blank Grove,

W.

On receipt of these, the sheets will be separated, and the Editor will only see the pages signed with the pen-name. This is so that the Editor of *The Shetch* may not know to whose opinion he has given the prize, until after he has given the decision. Thus he will judge without knowing whose opinion he has seen.

The name of the winner and his, or her, address will be published; but, obviously, not the suggestions.

London's Grand Guignol: A Belgian Impression.



AS DE BOSSCHÈRE SEES THEM: LITTLE THEATRE PLAYS.

Chevalier Jean de Bosschere here gives his impressions of the plays at the Little Theatre, London's Grand Guignol. Since he went, "The Old Story" has disappeared from the programme, which was deemed too long. The present bill includes "Haricot Beans," "The Unseen," "Fear," and "E. and O.E."—farce, drama,

drama again, and an original play. In the top left corner, Miss Sybil Thorndike is shown as Mme. Jeanne Chabrin, in "The Unseen." Next is Miss Cicely Oates as Mrs. Gubb, in "Haricot Beans." At the left centre is the Will Scene of "E. and O.E." At the bottom is an impression of the Second Act of "Fear."

FROM THE DRAWING BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE.



You Cannot Be Too Careful

Prominent Jewellery Buyer recently told us that all pearl business—artificial and real—is stimulated by Técla advertising, and in one way we regret this, because we wonder how many women have bought ordinary artificial pearls under the delusion that they were genuine Técla creations.

Either you want Oriental Pearls or Técla Pearls, but you don't want anything else.

Elcla (The London Reds Gem Colid) 70ld Bond Street, London

10 Rue de la Paix, Paris 398 Fifth Avenue, New York

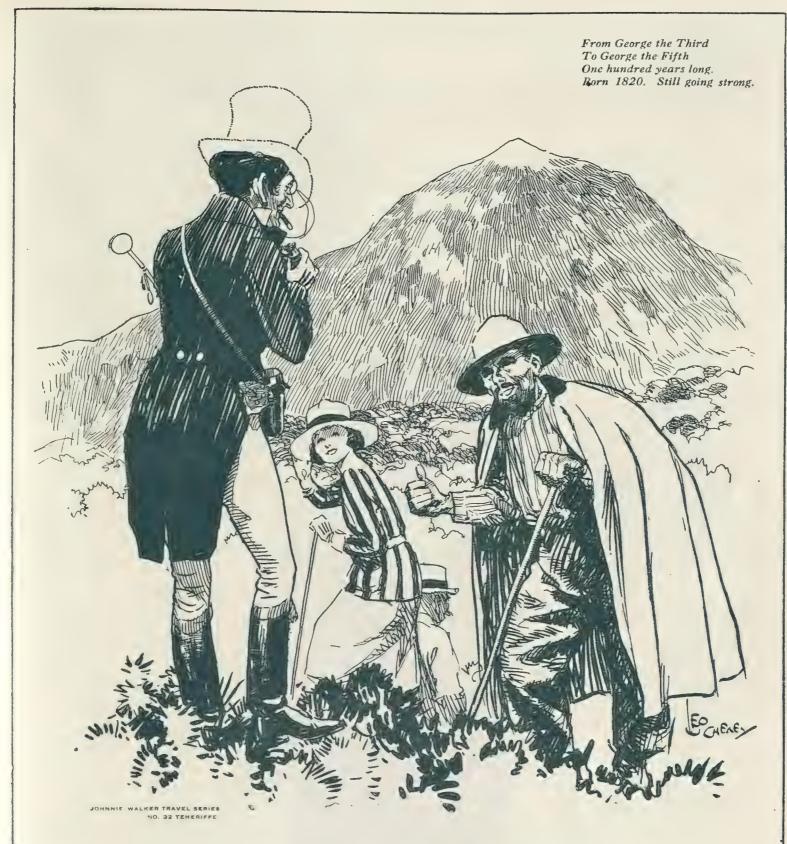
With Her Baby Girl-A King's Widow, but not a Queen.



THE WIDOW OF THE LATE KING ALEXANDER OF GREECE: MME. MANOS AND HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

Mme. Manos, whose marriage to the late King Alexander of Greece took place in November 1919, and was announced in May 1920, is the daughter of Colonel Manos, ex-King Constantine's Master of the Horse. It will be remembered that great interest was aroused when the romantic wedding was announced. Mme. Manos was recognised as the legal wife of the King, but not as Queen. When King Alexander's

tragic death took place in October 1920 Mme. Manos succeeded to his late Majesty's personal estate by virtue of the new law which had been in operation since October 1 of that year. In March 1921 Mme. Manos gave birth to a little daughter, who is shown with her in our photograph. She is a pretty and happy-natured baby, and a special favourite with her grandmother, the Queen of Greece.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "So that is the famous Mont Teneriffe, well known

to every world traveller."

Guide: "Not so well known as you, Sir!"

Guaranteed same quality all over the World.







EVER for one week at a time in the whole long, curly, and eventful history of the British drama has it been possible to take a walk through the West End of London without encountering on a play-bill the mystic allurement of the expression "Adapted from the French."

You feel the thrill of it? You know that your imagination will wrestle for a whole evening with the delightful problem of just exactly

how much they had to cut out. And what it was. You are sure that somewhere in the performance you will encounter the delightful uniform of the French police. And the still more delightful uniform of the French maid — quite a small part, but how fascinating.

And you will have seen all of it—how many times before? Yet the Board of Trade returns show no diminution in the volume of these imports, and the busy Customs officials at the docks who prise open Easter eggs imported in bulk to see whether they contain dolls with glass eyes, dutiable (if the Empire is to be saved) under the Safeguarding of Industries Act, must come on quire after quire of French plays for the London market.

Yet one would not complain if they were all as good as the *ridiculus mus* which Sir Alfred Butt has encouraged Mr. Vedrenne to produce at the Queen's. A bright rodent, "The Hotel Mouse." With a harmless little French story and—more important—some good English lines by Miss Jesse and Mr. Harwood.

Palpably adapted from the French, because two out of the four scenes are immediately adjacent to the bed-room. And the hero—if that is the proper name for Mr. Kendall's young man — is not even adapted from the French. Because his whole proceeding—the attempt to avenge upon an almost total stranger (f.) the accident which has left him with a supper on his hands after ordering supper for two (m. and f.)—is . . . well, French.

Anyway, it is hardly the point of view of the pink young Englishman that in this version he is supposed to be.

He perpetually looked and played as though he was about to compel a villain to unhand a fair victim. And then he . . . no, it was not an easy part to play, because the authors—all four of them—had omitted to think out a character for him. He was just a pawn on the board of farce.

But it was first-rate fun. And one enjoyed to the utmost the ubiquitous resource of Mr. Holman Clark. He exudes calm and confidence as inexhaustibly as Mr. McKinnel gives off an invisible haze of strength. And he held the whole affair together.

Miss Dorothy Minto is always pleasant to watch. But her sentimental sneak-thief never really materialised because there was nothing there. Except her genuine dislike of the Other Woman.

It is good in Muriel the sil can we wettest bered a was all Posnet startlin penting to exp going her hu.

The quite One waiter ing the suade you wit. Me and adapte in the suade you with and adapte in the suade you with and adapte in the suade you with a suade you with a suade you with a suade you with a suade you with and adapte in the suade you with a suade you w

AN UNUSUAL MAKE-UP: SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY AS THE BURGOMASTER OF STILEMONDE IN MAETERLINCK'S PLAY.

For his season at the Lyceum, Mr. Martin Harvey has chosen to give that ever-popular play, "The Only Way," with himself in his own old part of Sydney Carton, which he plays as well as ever. At Wednesday and Thursday matinées he plays in "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde," by Maurice Maeterlinck.—[Photograph by Hook.]

It seemed wasteful to use a good tragic actress like Miss Muriel Pratt to tell us about the silly hobbies of an American woman of the first and wettest water. One remembered all the time the work she was allowed to do in "Blanco Posnet." But she wore some startling clothes with that serpentine manner which indicates to experienced playgoers a wife going out in the absence of her husband.

The foreign characters were quite exceptionally well done. One got from the trio of waiters that uncomfortable feeling that they are going to persuade you to order melon and you won't be able to pay for it. Messrs. Treville, Ranevsky, and Bertier were perfectly adapted from the French.

So was the play. Not a blush. And yet . . . not to mention quite a number of good English jokes. With the result that one gets a first-rate farce played quickly into its complications, and untying them with a last act of real low comedy that makes you laugh.

And that, in these dismal days, is rare enough. Revues make you look at them, and (very rarely) beat time to the music so as to annoy the people in front of you. But a play that makes you laugh is scarce enough to deserve every encouragement. And that does "The Hotel Mouse." Long may its noise resound in Sir Alfred Butt's wainscot in Shaftesbury Avenue!

Because the whole affair is really cheerful. And it goes with a swing. Pieces more elaborately boomed and less industriously performed command success, and not infrequently their entirely undeserving commands are attended to. So one sees no reason why Miss Minto's spirits and Mr. Clark's placidity should

not waft "The Hotel Mouse" to victory—if one can (can one?) waft mice. So one hopes for the best. Long may the young man's door be pushed open by the furtive young lady in black tights, and long (until she is allowed to do something really worth doing) may Miss Muriel Pratt live in nasal terror of the pure-minded Elisha B.



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When you see dim teeth grow lustrous, ask the reason for it.

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Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

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Other factors, desired by modern authorities, are also employed in Pepsodent. As a result, every application acts as an aid to Nature.

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Children need Pepsodent even more than adults. Young teeth seem most susceptible to film. Few children escape its effects. Dentists say that Pepsodent should be used from the time the first tooth appears.

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"Sketch," 2/11



RUCK. OUT OF THE

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



LTHOUGH "The Ashes of Achievement" comes from Australia, there is not much about cricket in the book, except that the two heroes, Philip Lee and Peter Wister, knew how to play the game of life. The story has a winning freshness of setting, and that, together with the fact that it is a first novel, gives it claims to high consideration.

Philip Lee was the son of English gentle-people who, baulked of a rich inheritance at home, had gone to Australia with all the

prejudices of their class thick upon them. The elder Lees' attempt to play "the Squire and his Lady "to Commonwealth democracy strikes a new note of quiet satire on Old Country institutions, and at first one expected that the writer would enlarge upon this theme. But the story is of the younger generation-Philip, the destined Etonian, and his worshipper, the farm-boy Peter. Separated in schooldays, they meet again at Melbourne University, and graduate together in Law.

At this point the author turns another of his sudden switches; almost as soon as they are qualified, his heroes quit the law-Philip for the stage and Peter for the Press—and the tale moves on through Australian Bohemia, a world very like its prototype at home. Both boys were able—Philip in a brilliant, Peter in a solid way. Philip had the knack of getting what he wanted, and when that happened to be Margaret Gillies, the miniature-painter, he succeeded, although Peter had the stronger hold on her heart. Peter put Margaret out of his thoughts, and when the war came, enlisted. Philip would have joined up too, but at the moment married men were not wanted, and accordingly his manager sent him to America to plant a remarkable play he had written.

Usually in novels, and particularly in first novels, the hero's epoch-making play, book, or picture leaves us very cold and sceptical, but somehow Mr. Frank A. Russell contrives to make Philip Lee's masterpiece acceptable. The production of the play gives the author a chance to use his knowledge of theatrical life, club life, and Society in New York, which he seems to understand as thoroughly as he understands Australia. Philip, with his usual easy touch, soars to success only to crash at the last moment, for he had made an enemy of Ferrero, protector of Wanda Lara, the leading lady in the play. An organised campaign of slander was threatening Philip's career with extinction when he was himself extinguished by Ferrero. But he played the game and vindicated his breed in his last act, leaving the stage clear for Peter. It is a crowded scene - overcrowded, perhaps, with characters, but they are all living people; there is not one stick in the bundle. An author with such an

abundance of good material need only practise economy of incident and comment to produce something of the first quality in fiction.

Visitors to Braemar seldom fail to make pilgrimage to the "Colonel's Bed," the rocky retreat that sheltered Colonel Jock Farquharson of Inverey for ten months after Culloden, and they hear scraps of legend that may arouse wonder why this incident should have escaped the

novelist. "R. L. S." lived for a while and worked at Braemar, but the son of Lothian was not bitten by northern tradition. Perhaps he never heard enough to tempt him to use a subject made to his hand. But luckily, and more appropriately, an Aberdeenshire man has now woven into a novel of singular charm the traditions with which he has been familiar from his cradle—tales he had from his forebears in more intimate and minute detail than any other man living possesses.

Mr. James Milne puts his story of "The Black Colonel" into the

mouth of Captain Ian Gordon, commanding one of the Hanoverian garrisons posted between Dee and Don to overawe the faithful Jacobite remnant. Gordon and the outlaw Colonel Farquharson, pursuer and pursued, were rivals for the hand of Margaret Forbes, the dispossessed heiress of Corgarff, a situation promising of romance, which the author provides with a full but judicious hand. Pursuits, escapes, a notable combat, a Highland ball, to which Farquharson comes unbidden, scenes of mountain, flood, and tempest make a brave progression of drama that is never melodrama, and the whole thing is conducted in the finest spirit of Highland chivalry.

As for the style, it is of a most mellow persuasiveness, as thus: "I saw a woman's figure ahead, going my road, a very soft and gracious sight, believe me, against the hillside.' Against that background, and in that gracious manner, Mr. Milne means, I hope, to weave a long series of Aberdeenshire romances.

Two skilfully told spook storiesnot too spooky, but just spooky enough, and with a saving vein of rationalism and humour-come from across the Atlantic in Mary Roberts Rinehart's new volume, "Sight Un-seen and The Confession."

The first tells how the "Neighbourhood Club," a small party of psychic experimenters, heard a medium describe à murder almost at the very moment of its occurrence. The thing is very well managed and sufficiently puzzling until the end, when we discover that the medium has only read the thoughts of a person present at the séance. The suggestion is that it is rash to assume direct communication from the other world. The coterie is well characterised, and the incidental portrait of henpecked Mr. Johnson saves the investigation from undue solemnity. "The Confession" deals also with apparently supernatural happenings which can be explained naturally. It is just a little difficult to believe that gentle old Miss Emily Benson was a murderess; but, granted that she was, the rest of the story works out plausibly enough. Here the real psychic mystery is the sudden lapse of a good woman into crime and the Mrs. Rinehart's argument is, I think,



DULAC TRIES A NEW MEDIUM: MR. GEORGE MOORE, "OUR LAST VICTORIAN"-A FANTASTIC PORTRAIT IN WAX, AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

This amusing little effigy is one of Mr. Edmund Dulac's exhibits at the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. It is carried out in wax, is beautifully clad in an evening suit of the correct period, and stands under a glass case with a wreath suspended over its head, labelled "Our Last Victorian." Readers will recognise it as being an amusing vision of Mr. George Moore. It stands in the entrance to the Long Gallery, as if to say "Salve" to those who enter.

From the Model by Edmund Dulac. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

strange effects of obsession. that in the investigation of mental phenomena it is unnecessary to assume the spiritualists' other world.

The Ashes of Achievement. By Frank A. Russell. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d.) The Black Colonel. By James Milne. (The Bodley Head; 7s.) Sight Unseen and The Confession. By Mary Roberts Rinehart, (Hodder and Stoughton; 78. 6d.)

TALBOT-DARRACQ

GRAND PRIX 280 miles Sept. 18th.

1½ - LITRE 1,500 c.c. 65 x 112 m/m. 200-MILES RACE, BROOKLANDS, October 22nd.

FIRST: SECOND: THIRD

FIRST: SECOND: THIRD

"Never has a motoring event in England attracted so much attention as did the great 200-miles car race at Brooklands last Saturday; never before has this track seen a tithe of the crowd which collected to watch this epoch-making event; never has such sustained interest been shown in motor-racing; and never has a team of cars put up such a show as did the team of 1½-litre Talbot-Darracqs."—"THE MOTOR," October 26.

The above is but one of the many hundreds of enthusiastic Press appreciations of the Talbot-Darracq performance, a large number of which have been reprinted in a profusely illustrated booklet which may be obtained on application to the Darracq Motor Engineering Company, Limited.

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"Speed is not the sole necessary quality in a good car, but I am convinced that such efficiency as was displayed by the winning trio in the 200-miles race is absolutely impossible unless every part of the engine and chassis is mechanically perfect in material, design and construction."

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OU will, you must have noticed that the things which are popularly supposed never to change are the things which in cold and painful fact change the most. By a long way.

Like the Unchanging East. Which a simple tradition propagated by Mr. Oscar Asche and the joint-authors of "The Arabian Nights" (one of the best revues that ever proceeded, after the fashion of revues, from a number of hands) represents as the immutable haunt of houris, snake-charmers, and beggars in dim archways. Whereas we all know that it is full of movies and arc-lamps.

Or the Eternal City, where one is brought up to expect gladiators and chariot races. But did we, on emerging from an admirable railway station, encounter Signor D'Annunzio in a toga proceeding on the backs of his slaves to the Baths of Caracalla? Not a bit of it. There were a lot of men in bowler hats scrambling for trams, just as though it was one of Lord Ashfield's danger-points in the rush hours. And not so much as a lion in sight to gnaw the Christian.

So it is also with our own country. You have been brought up (haven't you?) with the murmur in your ears that London Never Changes. And doesn't it just? Let us, as Doctor Johnson never lived to say, take a walk down Kingsway. And see whether London looks just like it did when the Court of Chancery used to sit in Mr. Dickens' day to hear an application in Jarndyce v. Jarndyce.

.

And you will find the same thing all

along the line. Even in the unhurrying vicinity of High Street, Oxford. One of the oddest transformations that has befallen post-war England is the one which becomes noticeable to any reasonable observer when he steps outside that mouldering station on the Upper Thames where Mr. Max Beerbohm (and Miss Zuleika Dobson) once caught the whisper of the last enchantment of the Middle Age.

You feel it at once. There is a detestable briskness about the place which was never there before they took the horse omnibuses off the road and substituted those violent, petrol-driven affairs which crush you

against the walls of Holywell. But it isn't all an effect of the mechanical innovations. It takes more than a few taxis and motor omnibuses to make a change in the mood of Oxford.

No. The change is, some of it, in the human element as well. Something, somebody has broken down the blest barrier which once stood so firmly between Oxford and the rest of England—especi-

ally London. One no longer feels, as the hansom clicks up George Street, that the University is tucked securely away somewhere in the West of England. It all seems so very much a part, in these days, of London. And that is the greatest pity of all.

And we have ourselves very much to blame for it. There was, when the wheels of the University started to go round again after the war, a terrible rush of London correspondents to its head. Busy gentlemen informed a waiting world what young Mr. Blee had said at the Union the other evening, and how many new clubs had been inaugurated in Judas College last term. Unfortunate. Because it made the young things dreadfully self-conscious. Oxford, for the first time in its long history, began to play to the national gallery.

Half of them took to writing novels about each other. And the other half devoted their abundant leisure to the doing of things worthy of having novels written about. The result was a strenuous, thrusting little Oxford, with one eye on the newspapers and the other on the public—so different from the placid confidence with which the pre-war University absentmindedly thrust its alumni on the attention of the world.

And isn't it all something of a mis-

fire? One expects the Hospitals to invade the streets of the Metropolis with rattles in a desperate attempt to remind London of the Merry Student Life of a German University. And Cambridge was always a shade lighthearted in its public manifestations. But Oxford should retire -it is about timeinto herself and try to Keep Out of the Papers.

The young—and they are (though you mustn't tell them so) young—are a trifle apt to overdo things, if they feel that the car of England is glued to the Keyhole of the University. And one would happily see the withdrawal of all newspaper corre-

spondents to Paddington. Followed by the burning of all local novels. It is, after all, nearly as profitable as being remaindered by the publisher.



THE 21-YEAR-OLD PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY: MISS ELSA WANSTALL.

Miss Elsa Wanstall, who is only twenty-one, is already première danseuse of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, at Covent Garden. She studied under Mme. Judith Espinosa.



IN HER BIRD DRESS IN "THE MUSICAL SNUFF-BOX":
MLLE. ANDRÉE D'HERY.

"The Musical Snuff-Box" is a new ballet now being produced at the Coliseum by Gavrilov, the Russian dancer.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



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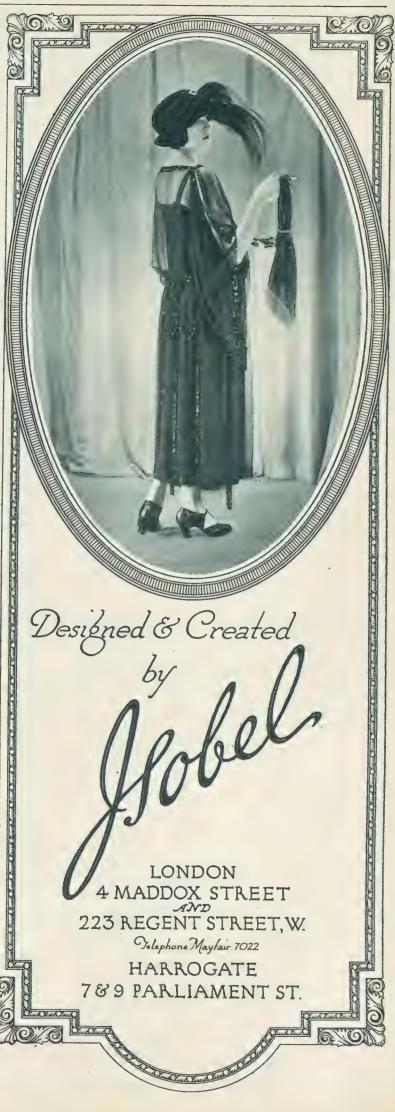
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MOTOR CHOSES: EXTRAORDINARY AUTO BABES. By GERALD BISS.

THE root of money is the love of all evil—and automobiles; but, however hard we may have worked this year because we could not afford to play, I am afraid that there is not too much surplus this Olympiad for either of these sauces of life. Even the man who made a profit out of his own country, the war-worn profiteer who financed so much of post-war luxury, has largely evaporated, or had to draw in his horns, and this year he will not, I fear, finance the good cause by strolling from stand to stand and buying up the lot, regardless of price. In fact, I see one superpossimist in a purely trade organ suggesting the cutting out of the superfluous public altogether this year from Olympia and the White City, and only allowing the trade within their own priceless portals. I call that mean—to suggest that we may not even be allowed to come and look at the pretty things just because we may be too hard

up this year to buy a few twelvecylinder or even 12-h.p. models more or less-the two features of the year. Friday, on which day the shows open, may not be a great day of carmagnoles, and it may be a brass-tack year: but let us all at least meet once more and exchange condolences after the most colossal year of slump ever known in history, and hope, as we have survived it-so far, at any rate-that the tide has turned and that by next spring, when our thoughts lightly turn to love, handicaps, and automobiles, we shall at any rate be able to purchase a little 'un, possibly a good deal superior to and certainly considerably cheaper than some of the big 'uns two years ago. Even the Burial Scrvice advocates optimism.

We arc Salesmen's Tales. going to be told the tale these shows from two angles. One is the merchant who has cut the price of his car, and the other the maker who is keeping up his price and " putting it into the car." This would seem to imply either that the former is taking it out of the car, or that the latter has never been putting it in, though there may be good individual reasons in both cases, which would, however, have; from every point of view, including policy, to be far stronger in the latter than in the former. In fact, I think that any firm-with a few possible exceptions-adhering to the highly inflated prices which have ruled since the war is making a big error, and that the object of every maker should be to cut off as much as possible, to

his own ultimate benefit, as the public at the moment distinctly require coaxing. However, that is his business, and he will find out later when he tots up results. Anyhow, it is going to be essentially the show of price reductions and small cars—not so much of the great big, happy, lolloping warrior, regardless of price, who will have, at least temporarily, to take a back seat and await better times—that is, of course, in quantity.

Talbot-Darracq's Second Scoop. Chronologically it may be a trifle stale, on account of printing exigencies, but talking of small cars brings me inevitably to the subject of the 200-miles race at Brooklands, and the wonderful performances of the little 'uns upon the

Brooklands, and the wonderful performances of the little 'uns upon the track, making the figures of their grosser ancestors of but a very few years ago look very small beer indeed. Great expectations were for

once actually surpassed, and, while many did wonderfully well, the Talbot-Darracq team, as at Sarthe in September, stood out bonnet and back-axle above all with its extraordinary performance, not only running first, second, and third, but lapping with such persistent and consistent regularity that over the 200 miles, run at 88'82 m.p.h., Segrave only beat Lee Guinness by five seconds, with Malcolm Campbell less than four minutes behind, the result of a tyre-burst, which easily accounted for the difference. Moreover, the engines had a good bit in hand and were not being pressed, as they led from the start and never once needed pushing. Coming on top of Sarthe, there is no word to describe this second scooping of the pool, and the wonderful organisation and team-driving of the sporting trio of pilots. Everyone concerned is most heartily to be congratulated upon such an overwhelming result. Hawkes' Horstman was a good fourth, only eleven

minutes after the winner, with two Bugattis close up fifth and sixth, only just in front of the Hillman. Then two of the A.C.'s five minutes behind them, next a brace of Aston-Martins, 'then a couple of Lagendas-the animals coming in two by two à la Noah's Ark-and so on. It was, incidentally, a great race be-tween the Horstman and the Bugattis all the way. There were one or two minor accidents, but everything went like clockwork -so much so as to become frankly monotonous; and Mr. McConnell and the Junior Car Club are warmly to be congratulated upon a huge success, which drew more cars and spectators to the track than ever before in its whole history. Only one thing went wrong—the luncheon arrangements; and, as time made lunching upon the course compulsory, it made it all the worse for the many who had to go without.

The Passing hibition brings Each annual exits many changes from one cause and another. Just upon the threshold this year has come the death of Mr. J. B. Dunlop, the practical, if not the actual, parent of pneumatic tyres, to whom we motorists all owe such a real personal debt for our day in, day out comfort. Paradoxically, he started life as a veterinary surgeon. Another much-regretted change will be the temporary absence of Sir Herbert Austin-" Pa" of the industry, a founder of the S.M.M.T., and prime factor in the removal of the show to Olympia-excluded, despite the name and the fame of his car

name and the fame of his car and himself, by a technicality of the rules, which catches him in the reconstruction of his finance at the very hour of its completion. Again, there exists no more popular and familiar couple in automobildom than "Ugene" Stratton and Ernest Instone — Daimler men from the start—who appear this year upon their own as a private firm, having bought up the old firm's big depot at 27, Pall Mall, in order to float themselves, with their big connection, from the Throne downwards, as London's Daimler (and new B.S.A.) specialists. Another of the old familiars who bobs up in a new sphere is Frank Shorland, who has joined the board of the Straker-Squire as sales director; while Sir Maxwell Monson has left the vending of Fiats to join the board of the Lancia, a little further up Albemarle Street, and sell Voisins, including the other new twelve-cylinder of the show.



WIFE OF THE WINNER OF THE 200-MILES SMALL CAR RACE
AT BROOKLANDS: MRS. SEGRAVE; AND LADDIE.

Mrs. Segrave is the wife of Major H. O. D. Segrave, who won the 200-miles

Mrs. Segrave is the wife of Major H. O. D. Segrave, who won the 200-miles Small Car Motor Race at Brooklands on October 22. He secured the lead after the first lap had been covered, and retained it throughout, finishing in 2 hours 16 minutes 26 seconds.—[Photograph by Rila Martin.]

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Through a Glass Lightly

In certain parts of Ireland there is actually a law—that is, the authorities have set it down that every jarvey must have printed on his jaunting-car his full name in large, legible letters. The officers of the law are quite keen on their look-out for delinquents. Such an officer found an aged jarvey outside the station. His car was without the required lettering. Going up to the old man, the

officer, delighting in this opportunity of expressing himself in official language, said: "Hi! Oi see that yeer name is oblitherated." The jarvey turned on the officer and exclaimed with determination: "Och, no; it is not, and all. My name is O'Flaherty, and Oi 'm not ashamed of it, and all."

Few statements are less disputed than the one that a busconductor is the most autocratic public servant we have. But an incident that happened in London on the first winter's night this summer proves that one busconductor at least has a heart. Two penurious actors stood at the corner of the street hoping for someone they knew to come along and treat them to a lift home in Chelsea. After a long and dreary wait the only hope of a lift rolled up in the shape of a last bus in their direction. Hurnedly counting their coins, the actors found that they had twopence - halfpenny between them. They gazed fondly at the The conductor leaned over his rail and yelled: "Come along, you two! Don't think I 'm going to wait here all night, do you?" One of the actors explained that, much as they yearned to ride on his beautiful car, they had not the where-withal for the fare. "Oh, jump on; we'll discuss that anon! said the conductor, urgingly sympathetic. And they jumped on. The bus moved, and the conductor, climbing upstairs after them, leaned over the more actorish-looking of the two and mur-mured: "'Sall right, laddie; you go as far as you desire. Never mind the fare. I've been an actor meself."



HOW TO RETAIN YOUR BEAUTY AND YET BOX! MR. WHELLER OAKMAN, THE MOVIE STAR, IN HIS BOXING FACE-MASK.

Mr. Oakman, the well-known movie star. has invented a mask which is all the rage for boxers at Los Angeles. Thanks to it, you need not have your beauty spoiled, though you do go in for a bout with the gloves!

Photograph by Topical.

The man who will do anything for money will do anything—or anybody.

A man is judged by his books, a woman by her looks. Hence it is that a man with books never worries about looks, and a woman with looks rarely cares about books.

A woman's laddered stocking has caused more grief in the world than a woman's broken heart.

Drink restrictions are like the Commandments. Tell a man what he "shall not," and it is a sound wager that he "will" do everything within his power. It's like the notice "wet paint." No sane person ever sees that notice without lightly touching the paint to be certain whether it is really wet or not.

"Tell me a man's company and I 'll tell you what he is," said the philosopher. "Tell me what a man is and I 'll tell you his Company." says the touring actor-manager.

Talking about the latest vagaries of the moon, it's no use your telling your wife that you intend taking up astronomy. She will only declare that you ought to find some better excuse for staying out late at night.

Straight from the mouth of a Russian Trade Delegate—
Saying "A shilling is less than a mark,"
A quarrelsome Bolshie, named Tzarrck,
At the bank, all the day,
In a singular way,
Vainly argued with every clerk.

A man without a sense of the ridiculous is more irritating than a woman without a sense of the beautiful.

Jealousy drives a woman to make herself more attractive than other women. In fact, it is the motive-power of charm, whatever the optimists may say.

A man standing in another man's shoes is thinking not so much of his responsibility as he is of "his corn's ability."

An artist was touring Spain with one companion and no knowledge of Spanish, complete. They had "managed along" with fair

success by signs and tokens and allegedly generous tips until they came to a meagre town where the only hotel was an extra - Hispaniolan place. The menu they could not understand except that it appeared to indicate "too utterly Spanishness." So they decided to try and obtain a cut off the joint. Yes; but oh, how to intimate to the shockheaded, glintingeyed waiter! To the mind of the artist came an idea. He took out his pad and speedily sketched thereon the picture of an ox, standing beside which was a bearded chef with a long poniardlooking carvingknife, poised as for action. The



THE PENDULUM AS DANCING-MASTER: LEARNING TO DANCE IN TIME.

In order that the attention of the pupil shall not be distracted by anything else, a pendulum can be used to teach them to dance in strict time. It can be made to swing quickly or slowly, as required.—[Photograph by Press Exclusives.]

artist presented it to the waiter and held up two fingers—glancing the while at his companion. The waiter hesitated a few moments, and then exuberantly "sibilanted" "Si, si," or some such acknowledgment. Half-an-hour later the excited waiter returned and flung on to the table two tickets for a bull-fight in the next town.

The outcome of having an income is "Go."

Highbrows are those educated above their intelligence.—Spex.

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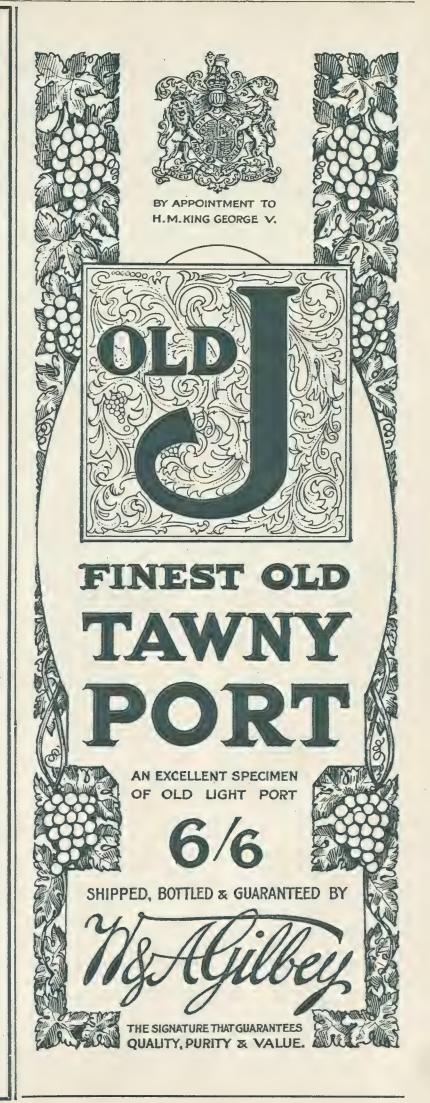
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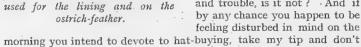




Ask a mere male how he thinks a hat is chosen, and ten to one he will reply, "Why, you go into a shop and buy it, of course." Dear, simple On the Subject thing, how can he be expected to know that a hat is almost of more

importance in a dress-scheme than the dress itself? Quite certainly, and without any reference whatever to its size or cost, a hat, according as it is well or ill chosen, can make or mar a woman's appearance.

In the cir-So Important. cumstances. you will readily understand that hat-choosing is not a business to be lightly undertaken. Quite a considerable amount of time must be set aside for the purpose. After all, when one's whole appearance depends on the result, the undertaking is worth the expenditure of a little time and trouble, is it not? And if by any chance you happen to be feeling disturbed in mind on the



go. Postpone the expedition, wear your old hat-do anything, but refrain from adding a new hat to your possessions. You won't like it the next day; you may have to sell it to your dearest friend at a loss-quite certainly you will either decide to get another or always imagine that the model selected does not suit you; and that's just as bad as actually wearing an unbecoming

Carried out in blue velvet and

fuchsia shades, the latter tints being

If, however, Cheerful in Spirit. you happen to be feeling cheerful in spirit, and, in consequence, are looking nice, jump into a taxi and drive to Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, forthwith. I guar antee you will find the hat of your dreams right away. If you

find more than one that answers to this description and yield to temptation, don't blame me. sympathies will be with you. Like Gilbert's hero, you will wonder-



Ostrich is not a necessity: a "shower" osprey makes a very smart hat decoration.

I tell you in advance that all my

Temptation, oh, temptation, Were we, I pray, intended, To shun, whate'er our station, Your fascination splendid?-

and the odds are in favour of a decision that most emphatically you were not'.

Some idea of the Models varied charm of the in Detail. millinery at Marshall and Snelgrove's can be gathered from the models Dolores has sketched on this page. The majority, you see, are comparatively small-a very convenient arrangement when winter, and winds with it, are drawing close. But beauty and charm have nothing to do It is true that the blue velvet model, the under-brim of which is lined in pale fuchsia-tinted chiffon, whilst fuchsia-coloured feathers decorate the upper part at one side, is quite evidently a believer in the principle that

you can't have too much of a good thing. On the other hand, the remaining models prove conclusively that a very great deal of beauty can be compressed into a comparatively small number of square

inches. Exactly what model you choose is something that can only be decided after due consideration of your facial construction.

Fur and Osprey. tice that fur Meantime, noshares with feathers the distinction of being used as a trimming for smart hats, and that feathery decoration may be of various kinds. It may, for example, take the form of a long blue feather cascading over the side of a smart little model in black panne, or a model of the same material may be enriched with a shower of black osprey. Here is a model in nigger satin enlivened with flame - coloured



Fur can be used for hats as well as for wraps. This model is of broadtail, and ermine.

Of course, the

models here

shown give only

ostrich-feathers at either side; there an Oriental-looking little affair in black velvet that owns no decoration except pointed flaps, so to speak, of its own material that fall to the shoulders. Lastly, feathery and velvety charm having been thus dealt with, there is fur to be considered, the hat on this page being of broadtail trimmed with

ermine.

Many Other

Alternatives.

a very slight idea of the beauty to

be found in the millinery salons of

the Oxford Street house. Prac-

tically speaking, the artist in hats

can use what he likes, provided he produces something lovely and pleasant to the eye; and, to do him

justice, he shows himself an enterprising individual. At first glance,

a few inches of black satin, a wisp or two of monkey fur, and an assort-

ment of flat steel rings hardly suggest themselves as hopeful begin-

nings for a smart hat. But the

unexpected happens, and the finished

product is as smart a toque as any woman could wish to own.

The hat is nigger satin, with a shaded flame-coloured ostrich feather at each side.

same applies to another model, the shape of which is somewhat like a Russian coronet. The ingredients are a bit of embroidered scarlet Oriental brocade, a moderate allowance of black fur, and a quite considerable quantity of skill.

Ribbon is put So Much to novel and Ingenuity. effective use in another rather small black satin model. A casual glance reveals what looks like a soft clump of blue feather at one side. In reality it is ribbon — narrow powder - blue velvet ribbon, arranged in a series of loops; and the example quoted is only one of many methods employed. Pale fawn-coloured canvas closely embroidered in deep crimson silk forms another hat,

over the upturned brim of which falls a frivolous-looking tassel of red silk; and amber and other beads vie with fur, feathers, flowers, and ribbon for the honour of trimming beauty's hats, so that she cannot complain of monotony.



velvet.



There is an almost Oriental flavour about this black velvet model.

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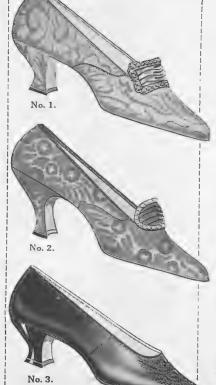
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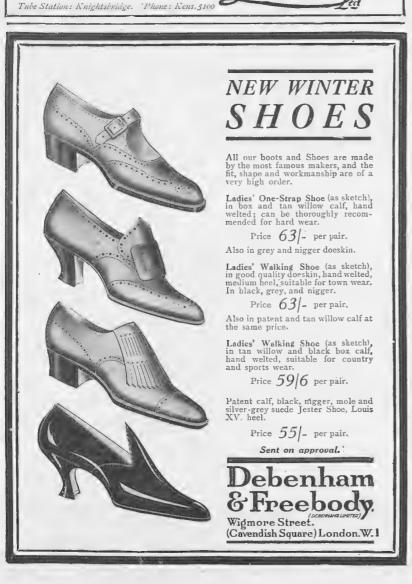
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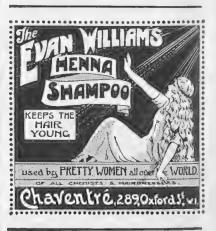
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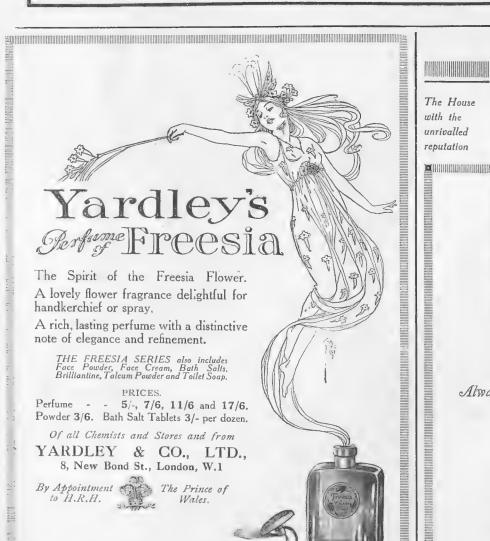
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THE CHARMING FILM CELEBRITY, writes:

Far from being the life of ease so many imagine, the life of a film Star is a very great mental and physical strain during the creating of a picture. Rushing from one part of the country to another, hurried "Scenes" at all hours, hasty meals and a host of other inconveniences, would soon, without some help, wear one out. In my case I have found that Phosferine keeps me always tuned up to the pitch of perfection, banishes headaches, prevents 'nerves.' In a sentence, enables me to give my suprementation of the property artistry to the perfection of my pictures, and whenever there is a case of either a mental or physical effort, or both, fortified by Phosferine I can always effectively respond. 58, New Cavendish Street, London, W.

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DAINTY FROCK (as sketch), entirely hand sewn. in ivory net trimmed with good quality Valenciennes lace and insertion, bodice finely tucked, under slip of ninon in pink, sky or ivory, satin ribbon at waist to correspond.

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To the Fortunate Isles.

Many people pursue the sun for pleasure; some of necessity must follow King Sol's life-giving rays. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company give trips in their

magnificent ships to Madeira and the Canary Islands which are full of pleasure, as well as being health-giving, and are not at all expensive;



TO PLAY AT THE WIGMORE HALL ON NOV. 5: MR. GODFREY LUDLOW.

Mr. Godfrey Ludlow has not played in this country since 1914. In August of that year he was invited to play before the Kaiser, and was promptly interned Ruhleben upon outbreak of hostilities.

tickets for the round voyage from London to Madeira, the Canaries, and back are issued from £30 upwards. It is a time of golden sunshine, bracing sea breezes, and the continual interest of novel and most beautiful scenery, of surroundings entirely new, and languages of many countries heard on all sides. Those who wish to stay at Funchal, Orotava, Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, or Las Palmas will find excellent hotels, and by taking tourist tickets can return when they like within a specified period. The R.M.S.P. yachting steamer St. Margaret of Scotland is an ideal ship for comfort, and all passengers are accommodated in outside cabins.

Once upon a time, From Paris when women in London to London. wanted Paris gowns, they had to go to Paris to get them. Now Paris comes to London for the express purpose of showing Madame the gown or wrap of her dreams. All of which leads up to the fact that Madeleine and Madeleine are in London now, with elegant furs and wondrous gowns to show to an ever-

growing English clientèle. It matters very little whether your requirements are limited to a simple gown or extend to the more elaborate affairs that the mode also sanctions. All you have to do is to make your wishes plain; Madeleine and Madeleine will do the rest. The house is famous for its embroideries, and some lovely effects can be seen specially on chiffon; and another characteristic is the lovely shade of blue-

"bleu Madeleine," to give it its proper title-in which many exquisite gowns are developed. Draped gowns showing new and graceful effects are a feature of the collection; but since the house sponsors also coat-

dresses, with the popular long line, every woman can rely on finding the dress of her dreams. Women in search of a smart winter model are certain to fall to temptation in the form of a broadcloth frock-a material, by the way, highly in favour at the moment. In gowns of this type long sleeves are almost invariably found — a highly comforting thought when we remember the cold times that lie ahead. But the firm's stay in London is limited. To be precise, it ends on Friday of this week. The necessity, therefore, of an immediate visit to the Curzon Hotel, Mayfair, where the models are being shown, is obvious.

Thetch

Heads are The Weathercock the real of Fashion. weathercocks of fashion, showing how its breezes blow before the rest of the figure changes for Woodrows' season. of 46, Piccadilly, have issued their autumn hat booklet, which is a charming guide to really refined and becoming headgear. Delightfully becoming and smart is a pull-on hat in chenille and old-gold plait, with an underlining of grey, silky beaver, and a ribbon band and It can be obtained in any one of a number of lovely [Continued overlea



An autumn costume of real beauty comes from Redferns. It is a dress of velvet and crêpe marocain, the hue of falling leaves. Worn with it is a short coat of velvet to match, with a collar of kolinsky.



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The sole aim in its construction is to reach the very acme of player-piano perfection. The Angelus, the world-famed device by which you play the piano, is, among other features, exclusively fitted with the Melodant and Phrasing Lever. These wonderful devices make the Angelus the only player by which absolutely perfect musical interpretation is possible.

interpretation is possible.

The superb Marshall and Rose Piano may be purchased either separately or fitted with the Angelus player. No other consideration enters into its construction than the finest materials for every part, worked up to perfection by the most skilled craftsmen who have devoted their lives to pianoforte construction.

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at the least possible expense

should visit the new Specimen House at Hamptons. Here they will find various uniquely attractive schemes for substantially furnishing throughout a Six-roomed House for

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Continued.] shades at four days' notice, and the price is only 2 guineas. The "Treffry" is a useful and becoming, best quality, silky velour hat,

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Mrs. Adair's Ganesh Beauty of the Eastern Diable skin Skin. tonic has secured so much confidence, and proved so valuable to its users, that I have been asked to mention that its prices are 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 24s. It is for use instead of water on the skin, as it strengthens it and enables it to withstand all changes in temperature, such as are inflicted by changes of climate, hot rooms, and cold winds. It is also found specially valuable for loose and flabby skins and puffiness under the eyes, and is a fine tonic for the eyes themselves. Mrs. Adair's address is 92, New Bond Street, where the best advice on all complexion and beauty questions is always obtainable.

Furnishing and fur-Long Days bishing are occupying Indoors. the thoughts of a number of people just now, for the days are shortening, and we shall have to spend long hours indoors, and so wish our houses to look their best. Hampton'sthe name is one to conjure up all sorts of home delights to the eye and comforts

to the body - have published an "Autumn Book, 1921." It is in Hamptons' style, which is the best. The most novel and yet most

harmonious of schemes are indicated in colour as to furniture - covering, cretonnes, carpets, "Sunland" unfadable fabrics, curtain fabrics, tapestry, and down quilts; also in china table services. Reduction in prices will be noticed with pleasure by intending purchasers, and the schemes illustrated are so per-fect that the "Autumn Book" is a guide, philosopher, and friend. It will be sent to anyone needing it as a help to purchasing on application to Hampton's, Pall Mall East, S.W.1.

It is a question now-No Monotony adays of the greatest In Dress. variety in dress at the smallest cost. One cannot pay 18 or 20 guineas for many gowns, but one can, and one does, pay from 6 to 8 guineas for several; and if they are purchased from Eciruam, 43, South Molton Street, W.I, there is charm of drapery, the right line, and novelty in material and colour and trimming. An Eciruam gown in cloth can be bought for 4 guineas, and a classical, graceful, and becoming gown it is. For 6 guineas, a velveteen dress may be acquired, draped fichu-wise, and with a silk sash in lovely colourings. From 8 to 10 guineas gives a choice of really smart and beautiful dresses; while the coats in soft, light, warm velours and new makes of cloth are most alluring, and moderate in price, too. Evening dresses-a necessity for just now-are also in variety, and a graceful one in black charmeuse and lace and jet is procurable for 6½ guineas.



AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE: SIR WOODMAN AND LADY BURBIDGE.

Woodman Burbidge, who succeeded his father, Sir Richard Burbidge in the Baronetcy and as Managing-Director of Harrods in 1917, celebrated his silver wedding recently. He married Miss Catherine Grant in 1896. Photograph by Alfieri.





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No. 1 Old English



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The single Fact with regard to NORVIC, the Shoe de Luxe, which will appeal more than the Shipload of Argument we might use, is that if we could make a better shoe than NORVIC, we should do so. As we cannot, and as we have yet to find a ladies shoe not merely better, but as good as our NORVIC at the price, we leave you to draw your own conclusions. NORVIC look like made-to-measure shoes, and what is more—fit, feel and wear like them.



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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

OMING up to the Show, old man? It's one of the few things I really care for at Olympia. That, and the Circus at Christmas time."

"Yes, I came to London especially to go to the Motor Show. It must bring a lot of trade to the motor-car people, surely?'

It must do. If you're going to buy a car-

" Har-har!"

"You would naturally wait for the Show, to see as much as you can of everything. Seems to me it must bring prospective buyers up to the scratch."
"But is there the money about, do you think?"

"Look at the roads. Did ever you see such thousands of cars before? Where they all come from, goodness alone knows."

Or where their owners get the money to buy them."

"Well, a man who's got a car is seldom satisfied with that particular motor for good. He's like a boy with a bike—always wants a better pattern every year. Besides, cars depreciate pretty quickly."

"They ought to use up a lot of rubber, and quantities of oil." "Yet the markets for motor shares and rubber are both dead, and the Oil Market doesn't seem able to make up its mind whether to peg out or not.

"See any hope for rubber?"

"Same old question. I'm going to have an answer printed on visiting-cards and hand it to everyone who asks me about rubber."

Let's hope the card will be courteous, anyway."

"Down in one. Your honour, Sir."
Our Stroller laughed. "Have you heard about the new golf club with an exclusively Jewish membership?

"Where the short hole is called 'the Christian,' because it's so easily done?"

"It's no use bringing chestnuts to the Stock Exchange, I see. What about rubber, though?

"Let it alone. It will come by-and-by, but not for a long time, I

"To put away, and sleep on?"

"All right for that. But why not have something that will bring you in an income? If you don't mind going without dividends for a couple of years, then lock up rubber shares."

That's my own opinion. I believe that some of these Argentine

Railway pre-Ordinary stocks will rise ten to twenty points in the course of a few years. Only they take money to pay for."

"What I object to is seeing everything go down after I buy it," said a man who had sauntered up.

"It's only a phase. Can't last for ever. Two years ago you had a boom. It will come again. We're farther away from war than we were then."

"Distance doesn't lend much enchantment to our view," the broker sighed. "I'm going into the House."

And Our Stroller, bold as brass, walked up the steps with him.

"They're a ha'penny harder with us. Eagles buyers close over, instead of being offered at."

"These jobbers think we know every sixty-The broker nodded fourth fluctuation in Shells and Eagles," he remarked, as the pair strolled into the market.

They arrived at the waiter's stand, and Our Stroller carefully kept his back to its occupant. He heard a man asking another whether the

Burmah Oil held any Shells or Eagles or Dutch.

"No interest in either," was the prompt reply. "Probably the Burmah and Shell have agreements of various kinds—I don't know, mind you—but the Burmah works with the Anglo-Persian, of course, and I 've always considered it about the strongest of the lot.'
"Shells will recover again, though."

"Oh yes; I've no doubt about that. But it strikes me that the dividend may have to come down. Ten million pounds, in cash, is a lot of money to part with in days like these."

"Ten millions?"

"Capital's nearly twenty million pounds, and the present dividend of 35 per cent. free is equal to 50 per cent., less six shillings tax. That's ten millions a year, isn't it? Of course, we're all standing on the tiptoe of expectation to know what the Company's going to do.

"Reminds me," said Our Stroller, "of the competition on Brighton Pier to see who could lean farthest over the side. And a girl suddenly

won."

He retired bashfully when someone said he thought the connection between Brighton and Shells was a little subtle for that time in the morning.

There was a warm argument going on near by between several men, one of whom contended that the true function of the Stock Exchange must always be to provide a place where the public can buy. To sell, also, but primarily to buy.

Another urged, however, that as people are not allowed to sell bears in the markets, this placed an unfair handicap upon insiders and outsiders alike. [Continued overleaf.



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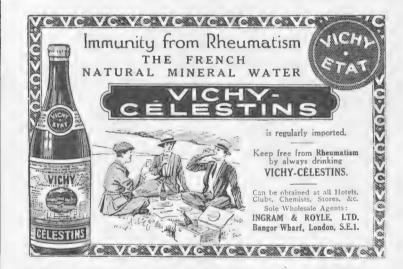
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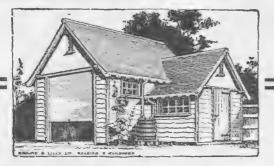
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Luncheons 3/6 and 5/-Dinners 5/- and 7/6 Afternoon Teas 1/6 Suppers à la Carte

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Sturdiness is one of the principal features of a Browne & Lilly Garage. Nothing inferior is used in construction all materials are strong and good, workmanship is of the highest standard, and design follows the best modern practice—consequently, half our business is due to recommendation. We can supply garages in various styles and sizes, and, as with all our buildings, complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

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Manufacturers and Exporters,
THAMES SIDE, READING.



Continued.]

If you persuade them to buy," he claimed, "you should give them equal facilities for selling. Only in that way do you provide a market in the true sense of the word. And we're not a market, as things are

The discussion became too technical for Our Stroller to follow it, but he moved away with new ideas upon which to cogitate, and, in the Kaffir Circus:

"Low Temperatures," he caught, "are a giddy gamble. Double your money or lose the lot. Only fit for cash that you can afford to

play with——"
"There's not much of that about," said the man addressed. "I'm as poor in pocket as I am in inclination to speculate. All the spirit has oozed out of me; I'm afraid to take risks to-day which, a year or two

ago, I would have jumped at."

"We are all the same, it seems to me. And that's one reason why our markets are so quiet. That amongst other reasons, of course."

"Oh well, it will all come right in the wash. I'm going to lunch.

Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."
"Dye?" echoed his friend. "My wife doesn't say that. Her version is, 'Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we twink.'

Our Stroller knitted his brow into a regular series of jumpers, as he wondered whether he would remember to ask his daughter for an explanation of the word.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

How long the cable "ramp" is to continue? Urgent cables to the East are charged at treble rates, and in order to do business at all, everyone has to use this service and pay three times the usual rate for every word, including "urgent." *

How the New Statesman reconciles its eulogy of export credits with its condemnation of foreign loans?

Whether both the dealers in raw rubber and the rest of Mincing Lane wouldn't be very much happier if the former transacted their business in the Commercial Sale Room instead of in the street? Is it true that the presence of only one man prevents the migration?

How much those in command of the Shell and Royal Dutch Companies know about the decline in the market valuation of Mexican Eagles? A fall of £40,000,000 in the properties and prospects of this Company since May is rather startling.

Who really thinks that this country's position would be improved by attaching conditions to loans raised over here as to where the money Wherever the actual orders for railways or grain should be spent? elevators are placed, the credit in London will eventually have to be expended by someone on the purchase of our goods.

Why the Customs authorities are taking more than three weeks to make up their minds whether certain goods do or do not come under the provisions of the Safeguarding of Industries Act? This kind of thing is so helpful to trade.

Why Mr. Van Noorden disguised Samson as Tarzan of the Apes, and what it's got to do with "City Notes"?

Who is finding the money to turn the Westminster Gazette into a morning paper, and whether it will pay? Friday, Oct. 28, 1921.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules-

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand. W.C.2, and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre which the desired-answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are destred, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and attention enviropeto carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering
money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement
of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain
a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations,
disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Wonders.-The concern is eminently speculative, and we should not advise a purchase.

A FIVE-MINUTE LESSON ON HOW TO REDUCE SUPERFLUOUS FAT



THERE is no need to indulge in drugs, quack medicines, violent exercises, or severe dieting. Simply dip a towel in very hot water and apply for a bout five minutes to the part to be treated. Then take a little Rodiod fatreducing cream and massage gently, occasionally dipping the fingers into hot water, until the cream is entirely absorbed by the pores of the skin. Nothing could be more simple or more effective. The action of Rodiod does not cause the skin to sag or wrinkle, but gradually disperses all superfluous fat by dissolving it, an at the same time feeding the skin and rendering it soft, clear, healthy, and "transparent."

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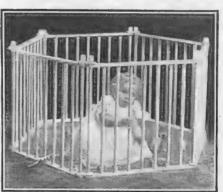
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Rest Gown Styles

N that delightful section of the feminine wardrobe that is not so strictly ruled by the vagaries of the vogue—to wit, the realm of deshabille— Fashion is not only catholic in the extreme in her choice of fabrics, but permits a gamut of colourings that well-nigh outshines the rainbow.

And in the astonishingly beautiful Collection now gracing Harrods Tea-and Rest - Gown Salon, those who design for Harrods and those who buy for Harrods have exercised to the full the liberties accorded to them by Fashion; with the result that every taste, no matter how exigent, may find here more than one delightful style to meet its need exactly.

Where all are so enchanting, selection of any particular models for descrip-tion must needs be arbitrary, and at the outset it may be well to say that only by coming to see these lovely garments is it possible to gain any conception of their beauty and variety. One lovely model shows a flounced underdress—a concession to the pre-vailing vogue for lace, and the pattern thereon shimmers with a lovely sheen. The overdress is of georgette, grace-The overdress is of georgette, grace-fully draped and cleverly cut to form a kind of stole that may be left to hang and give a simple long straight line, or may be tied in fichu style. Embellishing the edges of the overdress, which may be in rose, black, parma, or a gorgeous shade of flame, are beads to match. The underdress is in ecru shade in every case.

In another Harrods model a silk net underdress, ornamented with iridesunderdress, ornamented with indescent sequins, is a veritable snare for beauty-loving eyes; a simply draped georgette overdress, bound at the edges with a rouleau of silk panne velvet to tone, adds beauty to beauty, and a spray of multi-coloured, handmade flowers at the waist completes the spell.

Where the waist-line is defined at all in the new Tea Gowns, it is the low waist-line of Grecian persuasion, whose grace is evident in another confection, newly arrived from la belle Cité. This model is in amber satin and café-au-lait shade lace; the sides are gathered to give delightful draping and culminate in a wonderful cape-effect wing sleeve. Tiny posies of bright-hued flowers relieve the colour scheme, and a bow of amber ribbon with long ends gives a quaint touch at the back.

Another model-this time exclusive to Hirrods—is simpler, but certainly not less lovely. It is conceived in satin beauté hemstitched at the edge, and with most original draping at the The wide wing sleeves are in soft, old-worldish lace, and the simple cross-over front is caught in place with a lovely Chatenay rose. This model is created in a number of delightful shades.

Not least among the other attractions of this fascinating section of Harrods is the wealth of bewitching matinées and rest jackets in Crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, and satin, plain or quilted, not to mention the wonderfully dainty hand-made woollen sleeping-coats. To

their charm of design and hue many of these models add the appeal of being delightfully easy to wash. Seeing is believing; it is those who come personally to Harrods who will most readily admit the unparalleled loveliness of this wonderful display. London SIVI Harrods Ltd

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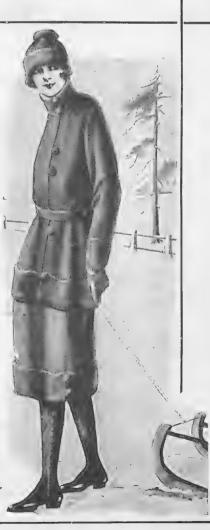
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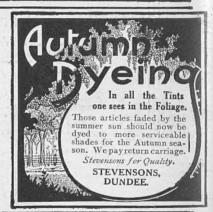


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